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THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

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TIMON AND HIS SUITORS

"I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him."

I. 1. TIMON OF ATHENS

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 17

Timon of Athens
Coriolanus

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY
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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Timon of Athens was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; it occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 in the division of "Tragedies" (pages 81 and 82 being numbered twice over). "*The Actor's Names*" are given on the next page, a blank page follows, and then comes the play of *Julius Cæsar*, beginning a new sheet, marked *kk* instead of *ii*, and numbered 109. It is noteworthy that *Troilus and Cressida* would just have filled the space of pages 80–108, and judging from the fact that its second and third pages are numbered 79 [1] and 80, one may perhaps safely assume that *Timon* took its place in the Folio. The text is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the famous crux "*Vllorxa*" (III, iv, 113) may be regarded as typical of the many errors, resulting from carelessness or other causes.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLOT

The doubtful authorship of a great part of the play accounts, in all probability, for the unsatisfactory state of the text; it is now generally agreed that *Timon* contains a good deal of non-Shakespearean alloy. The following pieces do not stand the test:—Act I, sc. i, 189–end of the scene (? 249–265; 283–294); the whole of scene ii; Act II, sc. ii, 45–125; Act III, except sc. vi, 101–

[1] Be it observed that the first page of *Timon* is really 78, not 80; the mistake was due to the numbering of the last page of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was marked 79 instead of 77.

118; Act IV, sc. ii, 30–50, (?) iii, 292–366, 409–425, 458–552; Act V, (?) sc. i, 1–62; ii; iii. Various attempts have been made to extract the ore from this "mineral of metals base," and, purged from grosser stuff, *Shakespeare's Timon* was issued by the *New Shakespeare Society* in the year 1874, embodying the labors of Mr. Fleay (*vide* also *Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 187–208).[1]

Various theories have been advanced as to the composition of *Timon*:—(i) that Shakespeare worked over an older drama, the remains of which are still to be found in the inferior portions of the play;[2] (ii) that Shakespeare and another author collaborated; (iii) that the play left unfinished by Shakespeare was hastily and carelessly completed by some playwright either (*a*) for stage-purposes or (*b*) for insertion in the First Folio; (iv) that the editors of the Folio could only obtain the parts of the principal actors, and the deficiencies had to be supplied from an earlier *Timon*,[3] or by some second-rate dramatist; (v) that the combination of (i) and (iii) best satisfies all the difficulties.

The Fifth Act of the play gives, *me judice*, the best clue

[1] "The play is, in its present state, unique among Shakespeare's for its languid, wearisome want of action. This renders it one of the least read of all his works. But this fault is entirely due to the passages which I assign to the second writer, not one of which adds anything to the development of the plot, for they are in every instance mere expansions of facts mentioned in the genuine parts of the play."

[2] The Cambridge Editors seem to hold this view:—"The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse." Farmer first suggested this explanation; Knight followed Farmer, maintaining that "*Timon* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play," etc.

[3] Elze, Delius, and others assign the earlier *Timon* to George Wilkins; Fleay believes "that Cyril Tourneur was the only person connected with the King's Company at this time who could have written the other part" of the play. All this is mere supposition.

to the solution of the problem. It certainly produces the impression of having been left roughly sketched by Shakespeare, whose touch is manifest in the more important speeches, especially those belonging to the character of Timon; but while the Third Scene is clearly not Shakespeare's, the four-lined epitaph in the Fourth Scene, the Shakespearean portion, combines two inconsistent couplets, and the combination could not have been intended by Shakespeare, though both were naturally in the rough unfinished MS.; the poet had evidently not made up his mind which of the two epitaphs to use, whether Timon's own, or that which, "commonly rehearsed," was not his, "but was made by the poet Callimachus." [1]

In all probability Shakespeare's unfinished MS., containing the main parts of the play already written out, with the general plan merely outlined, was worked up after Shakespeare's death into the play we possess; it cannot be

[1] In order that the reader should understand the weight of this piece of evidence, he should compare Act V. Sc. iv. ll. 70–73 with its original in North's *Plutarch* (*Life of Antonius*):—"He (Timon) died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

'Here lies a wretched corse of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!'

"It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill: but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'"

(The substitution of *"wicked caitiffs"* for *"wicked wretches"* suggests a comparison with Paynter's version of the epitaph, beginning *"My wretched caitif days,"* etc.). It is not likely that lines 3, 4 in the previous scene (V. iii.) are intended for Timon's epitaph, though at first sight the rhyming couplet gives that impression. The speech is weak enough as it is, without adding to it the crowning absurdity of making the soldier first read the epitaph, and then proceed to take the character in wax, because he cannot read it.

finally determined whether this elaboration was undertaken for stage-representation, or for the purpose of fitting it for a place in the First Folio, when the Editors had resolved to change the position of *Troilus and Cressida.*[1] Perhaps the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished.

There is no definite evidence of an older play on the subject that could have been the original of Shakespeare's,[2] nor are the inferior portions strikingly suggestive of the style of the old-fashioned productions superseded by Shakespeare's revisions or recasts. The MS. play entitled "*Timon,*" written about the year 1600, edited for the *Shakespeare Society* by Dyce in 1842, was intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience, and there is not the least evidence that it was ever seen by Shakespeare.[3]

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

A passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (in North's *Plutarch*) containing a short account of Timon may have

[1] Dr. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1874) adduced what he considered "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play":—"in old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theater copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage-properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue." He points out some of these directions in the present play as printed in the Folio; but his case, from this point of view, does not seem strong.

[2] There seems to be no foundation for Mr. Simpson's that "a *Timon* was, at the date of the *Satiromastix* in the possession of Shakespeare's Company" (*New Shak. Soc.,* 1874, p. 252).

[3] Malone pointed out that there is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water,* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes,* and afterwards beats them out of the room. The likeness is easily accounted for by identity of source. The last line of the Third Act, with its mention of *"stones,"* is noteworthy, seeing that in the play Timon throws the water in the faces of the guests and nothing is said about his pelting them with stones. The stage-direction is not found in the folios.

attracted Shakespeare to the subject of the play. Shakespeare was also acquainted with Paynter's story of Timon, in *The Palace of Pleasure.* Other versions of the story are to be found in Elizabethan literature (*e. g.* the account of Timon in Richard Barckley's *Felicity of Man*). "Critic Timon" is already referred to by Shakespeare in his early play of *Love's Labor's Lost.*

An interesting comparison might be instituted between the present play and Lucian's *Dialogue on Timon;* it seems almost certain that directly or indirectly the Dialogue has exercised considerable influence on the conception of the drama, though we know of no English or French version of Lucian's work that Shakespeare could have used; perhaps the other author of the play possessed the Greek he lacked.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Some of the problems connected with the composition of *Timon* have already been indicated. Internal evidence of style is alone available for fixing the date of Shakespeare's parts of the play. Æsthetic and metrical considerations would place it after *Hamlet*—(Coleridge describes it as an "after-vibration of Hamlet," but the vibration is rather too harsh and jarring)—and before the opening of Shakespeare's last period, *i. e.* about the same time as *Macbeth, Othello,* and *Lear;* Shakespeare's satirical drama must belong to the period when, "as the stern censurer of mankind," he reached his greatest tragic height; it makes one happy to think that the pity and terror of tragedy had more attractions for him than the stern severity of bitter satire; he probably found the theme uncongenial and cast it aside:—

> "No.—I am that I am; and they that level
> At my abuses reckon up their own:
> I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
> By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
> Unless this general evil they maintain,—
> All men are bad and in their badness reign."
>
> (Sonnet cxxi.)

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one long interval:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i, ii.
Day 2. Act II, sc. i, ii; Act III, sc. i–iii.
Day 3. Act III, sc. iv–vi; Act IV, sc. i and ii. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act IV, sc. iii.
Day 5. Act V, sc. i, ii.
Day 6. Act V, sc. iii, iv.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Life of Timon of Athens, as it is called in the original edition, is among the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays for an editor to deal with; which difficulty grows partly from the characteristics of the play itself, and partly from the lack of any contemporary notices concerning it. The only information we have respecting it is, that it was published in the folio of 1623, where it stands the fifth in the division of Tragedies, and that it was entered the same year at the Stationers' by Blount and Jaggard as one of "the plays not formerly entered to other men"; which latter circumstance naturally infers that the play had not been published before. The original edition is without any marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have "*Actus Primus, Scœna Prima*"; and at the end is given a list of the persons represented, headed "The Actors' Names."

The original text is in divers respects very remarkable: some parts are set forth in a most irregular manner, being full of short and seemingly-broken lines, with many passages printed as verse which cannot possibly be made to read as such; yet the sense is generally so complete as to infer that the irregularity came from the writer, not from the printer. In these parts, moreover, along with Shakespeare's peculiar rhythm and harmony, we miss also, and in an equal degree, his characteristic diction and imagery: the ruggedness and irregularity are not those of one who, having mastered the resources of harmony, knew how to heighten and enrich it with discords, but of one who was ignorant of its laws and incapable of its powers. Other

parts, again, exhibit the sustained grandeur of the Poet's noblest and most varied music. And in these parts the true Shakespearean cast of thought and imagery comes upon us in all its richness, gushing, apparently, from the deepest fountains of his genius, and steeped in its most characteristic potencies.

As to the date of the composition we have no external evidence whatsoever; and the internal evidence, so far as there is any, all makes for a place somewhere in the period between 1600 and 1606; the same period which gave us *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Lear*. Wherever Shakespeare's hand is most clearly traceable in *Timon of Athens*, the peculiarities of style, of thought, and sentiment, as in the other plays just mentioned, refer us to a time when, for some unknown cause, the Poet's mind seems to have dwelt, with a sort of melancholy, self-brooding earnestness, among the darker issues of human life and passion, as if his spirit were haunted and oppressed by the mystery of evil as residing in the heart of man. The texture of the diction,—which is about midway between the mellow, gliding smoothness of the Poet's second period, and the stern, rugged energy of his last, ever and anon striking in flashes of light and glory by the very quickness and abruptness of its movements,—this, no less than the tone and bias of feeling manifested in *Timon of Athens*, certainly shows a strong resemblance to that of the other plays known to have been written during the time specified.

As regards the fact of Shakespeare's having been for some time in a melancholy, not to say morbid, state of mind, such as may have disposed him to hang over the fiercer passions of our nature, and to speak as the "stern censurer of mankind," perhaps the strongest argument is furnished by the play in hand. For the subject is certainly ill-adapted to dramatic uses, has very few capabilities of sound and legitimate stage-effect. This lack of any thing in the matter that should have determined the Poet's choice to it, may well lead us to suspect that the determin-

ing cause lay in himself. So that the most likely conclusion in this case seems to be, that some ill-starred experience, such as human life offers to most men who are observant and thoughtful enough to be capable of it, had planted in him so strong a sympathy with the state of feeling predominant in *Timon*, as to turn the scale against his better judgment as a dramatic poet and artist. Such, or something such, appears to us the most probable account why he should have pitched upon a theme so manifestly unsuited to his purpose, and so barren of those qualities that would recommend it for dramatic treatment. That judicious critic, Hallam, assigns much the same reason: "The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action,—a fault of which Shakespeare is not guilty in any other instance,—that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to this subject." Mr. Verplanck, also, a critic of equal soundness and rectitude of judgment, holds to the same view; and Mr. Collier informs us that Coleridge in 1815 gave it as his opinion that the subject had been taken up by the Poet "under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment."

We have already intimated a belief that Shakespeare is not responsible for the whole of this play. Some parts are in his best manner, while others are not above his worst, or rather are not in his manner at all. In this nearly all the critics and commentators are agreed, though they differ much in their ways of accounting for it. One theory is, that Shakespeare wrote the whole of the play as we have it, but left some parts in a very crude and unfinished state, giving indeed little more than a loose sketch or outline of what he intended to make them. To this there are insuperable objections. For the parts in question are nowise in a sketchy state; the outline is generally filled up, but not with the Poet's genuine stuff; the fault lies not in a defect of execution, such as it is, but rather in an uncharacteristic style of workmanship: in short, they are in no

sort like an unfinished work of the same hand which finished the other parts, but show a totally different cast of thought, of diction, and imagery, from what we find in any other of the Poet's plays, or in those parts of this play where the authorship is not and cannot be questioned. Take, for instance, the fifth scene in Act III, which is highly episodical in its character, insomuch that if entirely thrown out it would scarce be missed in the action of the play. Now, it is precisely in such an episode that we should naturally expect to find the work left either in a most finished or in a most sketchy state, because it is the very part of all others that could best be worked out by itself. Accordingly we have nothing of mere outline here; the filling-up is apparently complete, but it has to our taste no relish of Shakespeare: perhaps there is no part of the drama less unfinished, nor any more un-Shakespearean, than this scene.

Another theory is, that the manuscript of this play underwent in some parts much corruption and mutilation at the hands of the players, and that the edition of 1623 was printed from a copy thus mutilated and deformed. Such, Mr. Collier tells us, was the view given out by Coleridge in his lectures in 1815; his opinion being, that the play was Shakespeare's throughout, and that, as originally written, it was one of his most complete performances; but that the players had done the Poet great injustice, and that the ruggedness and inequality of the versification were owing to the fact that only a corrupt and imperfect copy came into the hands of the original editors. The objections to the former theory hold, for aught we can see, equally good against this. Besides, the play, as we have seen, is preëminently unsuited to the stage; and the failure of modern diligence to discover any contemporary notices of its performance strongly argues that it was so regarded at the time: all which would naturally render it the less likely to suffer, in the manner supposed, from being "clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar": not to mention, that in case of such mutilation and corruption

the fault would be apt to lie mainly, if not wholly, in the expression of the thought; whereas it here lies rather in the very spirit and substance of the thought itself.

A third view—suggested, we believe, by Farmer, and argued out with much ability and learned diligence in Knight's edition—is, that Shakespeare did not originate the play, but took the workmanship of some inferior writer, recast certain of the scenes, enriched others with some touches of his own, and supplied the part of Timon, as we have it, entirely from himself: all which is thought to account for the circumstance of the man-hater's character being "left standing apart in its naked power and majesty, without much regard to what surrounded it." To this theory Mr. Verplanck objects, that great as is the discrepancy of style and execution, yet, in the plot, the characters, and the incidents, there is an entire unity of thought and purpose, as if the whole proceeded from a single mind. The objection seems to us far from conclusive, as we are not aware of any sufficient reason for presuming that Shakespeare could not rewrite parts of the drama, without losing or marring the proper unity of plot and characterization. A much more likely objection, as it appears to us, is this, that Shakespeare's approved severity of taste and strength of judgment at that period of his life, together with his fullness and availability of resource, would hardly have endured to retain certain parts in so crude and feeble a state as we here find them. For the parts supposed to be borrowed are so grossly inadequate in style and spirit to those acknowledged to be his, that it seems not easy to conceive how the instincts of his genius should have suffered him to let them pass. So that we can scarce help thinking, that if he had thus undertaken to remodel the work of another, his mind would not have rested from the task, till he had informed the whole with a larger measure of that surpassing energy and grace of thought and diction which mark the part of Timon himself, showing that the powers and resources of the Poet were then in their most palmy state.

The fourth, and, in our view, the most probable, theory is that proposed by Mr. Verplanck; who thinks that Shakespeare planned the whole drama substantially as we have it, made an outline of all the parts, including the entire course and order of the action, wrote out the part of Timon in its present form, added, besides, some whole scenes as they now stand, and furnished some passages for others; but, perceiving more and more, as he went on, the unfitness of the subject for his purpose, finally gave up the work, and threw it aside in an unfinished state: that this was afterwards taken up by some inferior hand, who retained all that Shakespeare had written, and wrote out the other parts in accordance, as nearly as might be, with the original plan. Whatsoever may be judged of this theory in other respects, it seems to make clear work with the question why there should be in this case so great discrepancy of style and execution joined with such general unity of purpose and movement. And it legitimates the supposal, that in this instance the Poet's choice of subject was determined by personal sympathy with the mood and temper of mind here exhibited, not by his judgment of dramatic fitness. For, supposing such choice to have proceeded on the former ground, his interest would naturally draw first to those parts which struck in with and gave vent to his overruling passion; and then begin to flag and fall away as soon as, upon coming to those where such personal respects had no place, his dramatic judgment regained the upper hand. At all events, we must needs think that both the subject and the workmanship were here governed by somewhat else than poetical or artistic inspiration; in which case his interest would be apt to break down when he reached a point where nothing but such inspiration would suffice to keep it up and carry it along.

It is nowise improbable, therefore, that in one of these two latter theories is to be found the true solution of divers questions that have been raised touching this play. And there are at least two instances of incompleteness, resulting, apparently, from oversight, which may be in this

way satisfactorily explained. One is in Act II, where there seems a want of due connection between the first and second scenes, since we have the Fool speaking of his mistress, and the Page out on her errands, while as yet no hint has been given as to who or what their mistress is. Dr. Johnson saw this gap, and remarked upon it thus: "I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool and the Page was prepared by some introductory dialogue, wherein the audience was informed that they were the fool and the page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity." The other is in the fifth scene of Act III, where we have Alcibiades pleading with the Senate in behalf of a condemned soldier whose name has not been mentioned, nor has any representation or statement been made of the act for which the Senate are passing upon his life. The whole matter comes in most abruptly, insomuch that our thoughts can hardly choose but revert to some scene or dialogue which has been omitted.

Now, upon the supposal,—which bears such and so many marks of likelihood that we have little doubt of its truth,—that different parts of the play were from different hands; whether certain parts were borrowed from an earlier drama; or whether certain were supplied by a later hand; or whether, according to a frequent usage of the time, the play were the joint production of several hands working out a preconcerted plan; in either case these instances of abruptness and seeming omission may be easily accounted for; as any one can understand, whose experience in composition has taught him how difficult it is for one mind to reproduce, in all its details and the proper order of its parts, the conception of another. Indeed it is scarce possible, in such a case, that all the parts of a work should duly remember each other; or that any one, having some portions done to his hand, should so work in and adjust others of his own but that somewhat of connection and continuity will be lost.

As we have been arguing that different parts of this

play were by different hands, the reader may naturally hold us bound to make some sign towards discriminating what parts belong to the Poet. This, certainly, is a somewhat delicate and hazardous undertaking, and one in which some approximation to the truth is the utmost that can be reached. Of course we can more confidently affirm what parts are Shakespeare's, than what are not; it being easier for him to fall below his height, than for another to raise himself up to it. And perhaps the line may be indicated the more safely in the present instance, forasmuch as some portions of the play which relish least of Shakespeare are written with a good deal of vigor and spirit; but the vigor and spirit are thoroughly different from his: so that we may justly affirm that the nearer such portions come up in these respects to the level of his, the more appreciable is the difference between them.

Not to be too positive, then, in the matter, our own judgment runs something thus: The first scene in Act I, down to the entrance of Apemantus; the first scene in Act II, and the latter half of the second scene, from the re-entrance of Timon and Flavius; the first and third scenes in Act IV, with the exception of Flavius' first speech in the latter scene; the first and second scenes in Act V;—these portions, we should say, are wholly Shakespeare's. Besides these, there are divers passages scattered here and there, in which we distinctly taste the Poet's hand; as in the latter half of the first scene in Act I, after the entrance of Alcibiades; also, in the second scene of the same act, especially just after Apemantus' Grace; again, in the latter part of the sixth scene in Act III; in the first half of the second scene in Act IV; and in the fifth scene in Act V. There are, also, several portions which we should set down as of doubtful authorship; such as the dialogue between Apemantus, the Merchant and Jeweler, the Poet, and Timon, in the first scene of the play; the first half of the second scene in Act II; some parts of the second and fourth scenes in Act III.

It may be worth the while to mention, as further evi-

dence of different hands in the play, that in the sixth scene of Act III, the stage-direction of the original is, "Enter divers friends at several doors," and the prefixes to the speeches are 1 Lord, 2 Lord, and 3 Lord, where the course of the action renders it all but certain that Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius are the persons meant. These, be it observed, are the three friends named by Timon, when he is sending out servants to borrow money, in the latter half of the second scene in Act II, which we have assigned to Shakespeare. The same persons are also named, near the close of the fourth scene in Act III, as the chief of those whom Timon orders to be invited to the banquet. Our belief is, that in both these instances we have the Poet's hand; and that in the sixth scene of Act III, the giving of thanks, and the subsequent speech of Timon's, is all that can be set down as Shakespeare's. At all events, it can scarce be denied that these incoherences in the naming and ordering of the persons strongly argue that the whole of the play did not proceed from one and the same mind. And a like inference may be fairly drawn from the confusion in regard to Timon's epitaph, in the last scene of the play.

It is also worth noting, that in those parts of the play which relish clearly of Shakespeare there is little if any difficulty in distinguishing what is meant for verse and what for prose; while in the other parts the two are often hardly possible to be distinguished. For instance, the speech of Apemantus in the first scene of Act I,—"Aches contract and starve your supple joints," etc., is printed in the original as prose; yet any good ear accustomed to Shakespeare's language can hardly fail to pronounce it verse, and such verse as carries the mind at once to the greatest of poets. The other parts, on the contrary, abound in speeches, which are given in the original as verse, but which run in so hobbling, disjointed, and unrhythmical a fashion that neither the ear nor the mind can possibly receive or read them as such.

The story of Timon the Misanthrope seems to have been

something of a common-place in the literature of Shakespeare's time. We have an allusion to it in *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act IV, sc. iii: "And critic Timon laugh at idle toys." And in a collection of epigrams and satires, entitled *Skialetheia*, and published in 1598, occurs the line,—"Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits." Also, in the anonymous play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601, is found the following: "But if all the brewers' jades in the town can drag me from the love of myself, they shall do more than e'er the seven wise men of Greece could. Come, come; now I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens." But by far the most noteworthy use of the subject is in the form of a play which has come down to our time in manuscript, supposed to have been written or transcribed about the year 1600. The original manuscript was consulted by Steevens, being then in the possession of Mr. Strutt, the engraver. Some years ago it passed into the hands of Mr. Dyce, who set forth an edition of it for the Shakespeare Society, in 1842. The play is referred to by Malone in the following terms: "Here Shakespeare found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject." Mr. Dyce thinks the play "was evidently intended for the amusement of an academic audience," and that there is "strong presumptive proof" of its having been really acted. Touching the point affirmed by Malone, he speaks thus: "I leave to others a minute discussion of the question, whether or not Shakespeare was indebted to the present piece. I shall merely observe, that I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama, which was certainly never performed in the metropolis, and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented."

It is not our purpose to enter upon the "minute dis-

cussion" which Mr. Dyce has left to others. In the incidents of the play there are certainly divers close resemblances to Shakespeare's *Timon.* But beyond this there is not the slightest trace of similarity; and the resemblance here is such as to infer nothing more than a drawing from a common source. The anonymous play, as a whole, is indescribably flat and worthless, thoroughly charged with a kind of sophomoric pedantry, and with the most lame and abortive attempts at wit and humor: Timon himself being but a debauched and low-minded spendthrift and prodigal, unredeemed by a single noble or even respectable quality; and the whole characterization, if such it can be termed, being in a style of vulgar and vapid extravagance mistaking itself for something brilliant and spirited, like the unwitting caricatures of a boyish awkwardness. The material of the piece was evidently borrowed from Lucian, all that is properly characteristic of the Greek satirist being lost in the borrowing.

The most common authority for the character of Timon in Shakespeare's time was Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure,* in the first volume of which, published before 1567, "the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens" is briefly set forth, the matter being professedly derived from Plutarch's *Life of Mark Antony.* We subjoin the passage relating to Timon, as given in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, which came out in 1579:

"Antonius forsook the city and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the isle of Pharos, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company; saying he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was before offered unto Timon; and that, for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes' comedies; in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all

other men's companies but the company of Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth whom he would greatly feast and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus, wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him, 'I do it, because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and also followed him in his manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Choæ at Athens, where they make sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead, and that they two feasted together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other, 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea, so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time, the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs, got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly used to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and, because I mean to make some building on that place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now, it chanced so, that the sea getting in compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name; a plague consume you wicked wretches left.'

It is reported that Timon himself, when he lived, made this

epitaph: for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

> 'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
> Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'

Many other things could we tell you of this Timon, but this little shall suffice at this present."

The account as given in the *Palace of Pleasure* agrees in all material respects with this. Of course there can be no doubt that one of these sources furnished the idea of Apemantus, as also of the "tree which grows here in my close," and of the "everlasting mansion upon the beached verge of the salt flood"; neither of these being found in the place from whence other materials of the drama were drawn.

The rest of the story was derived, directly or indirectly, from Lucian's dialogue entitled *Timon, or the Man-hater.* Malone, in the remarks quoted above, thinks the Poet could not have borrowed directly from Lucian, because there was then no English translation of the dialogue in question. In the first place, however, it would be something hard to prove this, the only evidence being, that no such translation of that date has come down to us. In the second place, there is known to have been both a Latin and an Italian version of Lucian at that time, and there can be little doubt that Shakespeare understood enough of both those languages to be able to read a piece of that description. We subjoin such a sketch and abstract of the dialogue as will exhibit the nature and amount of the Poet's indebtedness to the Greek satirist.

The piece opens with an address of Timon to Jupiter, the guardian of friendship and hospitality, complaining that his godship has grown sleepy or indifferent; so that he no longer punishes the baseness and ingratitude of men, but has suffered his firebrands to dwindle into nothing, a mere poetical smoke, a heap of idle names, so that nobody fears being burned by them; that he neither hears the perjured nor observes the wicked, being blind to every-

thing about him, and having his ears stopped, like an old dotard. He calls on the god to make ready those far-shooting thunderbolts, which have been so much beversed, against the guilty, lest he be at last dethroned by their violence. He then comes to his own case: "I, who have raised so many from poverty to riches, helped the needy, and spent my substance to make my friends happy, am now left poor and destitute: those, who once adored me and hung upon my nod, will not so much as look upon me; but if I chance to meet any of them, they pass by me, as if they had never seen me, or turn away as from a loathsome spectacle. Reduced, at length, to the utmost misery, and clothed with skins, I dig this little spot of earth. Here I philosophize, in the desert, with my spade, all my happiness being that I no longer behold the prosperity of the wicked."

Jupiter, being thus berated, asks Mercury who it is that bellows so from the foot of Hymettus, speaks of him as some bold prating fellow who seems to be digging, and infers him to be a philosopher from his uttering such profane speeches. Mercury answers that he is Timon, the rich man who so often has offered whole hecatombs to the gods. That his goodness of heart and kindness to the poor, or rather his folly and want of judgment in the choice of friends, have been the ruin of him; he having never discovered that he was lavishing his all on wolves and vultures. That, having ate his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it all out, they left him, and, so far from relieving him in turn, would not even look upon him. That for this cause he has turned digger, refusing to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against those who, having been enriched by him, now proudly pass along, not knowing whether his name be Timon.

Jupiter forthwith orders Mercury and Plutus to visit Timon and bestow new wealth upon him; at the same time apologizing for his remissness of late, that he has been kept busy with thieves and plunderers, and that his ears

have been so stunned with the noisy disputes and squabbles of philosophers blabbing about virtue and spirituality and he knows not what, that he could not hear the prayers of mortals; and promising to give those ungrateful parasites their due, as soon as he shall have repaired his damaged lightning: whereupon Mercury remarks how necessary 'tis to be impudent; for this Timon has now got Jupiter over to his side by dint of clamor and abuse, while, if he had said nothing, he might have kept on digging through life, without being noticed. Plutus is very loth to do the bidding of Jupiter, because Timon has so recklessly squandered his gifts on the unworthy, and lest, if restored to wealth, he should again become the prey of parasites.

Here follows at some length a keen encounter of wits between Mercury and Plutus, touching the use of riches and the folly of men in regard to them. On coming near the place of Timon, Plutus hearing a noise like the clinking of iron against stone, and asking what it is, Mercury answers, "It is Timon, digging up a piece of rocky land hard by us"; adding, "And see, along with him are Poverty, Labor, Courage, Wisdom, and all the virtues that go in the train of indigence; a stronger body-guard, I fear, than yours." Plutus thereupon begs to be off at once, alleging that they can do no good to a man who has such an army about him. The god of riches being held to the task by Mercury, Poverty then interferes in behalf of her charge: "Shall Plutus, then," says she, "come to Timon, after I have taken him under my discipline, spoiled as he was with luxury and sloth? Will you thus rob me of the man whom, with so much care, I have formed to virtue, and put him into the hands of Plutus, who will soon make him as idle and wicked as ever, and, when he is spoiled, give him back to me again? Soon shall he know the worth of her whom he has lost; who has blessed him with a sound mind and a healthy body, taught him to live as he ought, and to look upon things as they really are."

At first Timon rejects the offer of their godships, calls

them rascals, upbraids them for disturbing him, and threatens to pelt them handsomely with stones: whereupon Plutus entreats for heaven's sake to be gone, declaring that the fellow appears to be stark mad. Being further urged and exhorted, Timon persists that he has no need of them; that his spade is all the riches he desires; and that he shall deem himself the happiest of men, if none come near him. That Plutus had been the cause of all his past troubles, having given him up to flatterers, undermined him with temptations, made him an object of envy and hate, and then basely deserted him; while Poverty, on the other hand, had been his best friend, exercising him with wholesome labors, supplying him with what was needful, and teaching him what true riches were, such as neither time-servers, nor sycophants, nor tyrants could ever wrest from him. But the arguments of Plutus, backed up by the prospect which Mercury holds out, of making his rascally flatterers burst with envy, prove too much for him; and he at last consents to be rich again, since the gods will have it so; though still fearing that so much wealth, on a sudden, and so much care will make him miserable.

The gods thereupon leave him, Plutus having first exhorted him to keep on digging, and having commanded treasure to put itself in his way. Timon then resumes his spade, and presently overhauls a mass of treasure, whereupon he breaks forth as follows: "It is, it must be gold, fine, yellow, noble gold; heavy, sweet to look upon. Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treasure! Now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover? You, my spade and blanket, shall be hung up as my votive acknowledgment to the great deity. I will purchase some retired spot, and there build a tower to keep my gold in: this shall be my habitation, and, when dead, my grave also. From this time forth I will despise acquaintance, friendship, compassion; to pity the distressed, to relieve the indigent, I shall hold a crime: my life, like the beasts of the

field, shall be spent in solitude; and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend: all others I will treat as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them, or to herd with them, were a sin: accursed be the day that brings them to my sight; I will make no truce, have no dealings with them. Kindred, friends, and country are empty names, respected by none but fools. Let Timon only be rich, and despise all the world besides: abhorring praise and flattery, I will have pleasure in myself alone; alone I will sacrifice to the gods, feast alone, be my own neighbor and companion; and, when I am dead, the fairest name I would be distinguished by is misanthrope. Asperity of manners, moroseness, cruelty, savageness, these are my virtues: were I to see a man perishing in the flames, I would throw on pitch or oil, to increase them; or, if I saw one overwhelmed with the winter flood and stretching out his hands to me for help, I would plunge him in deeper, that he might never rise again. This is Timon's law, this hath Timon ratified; and thus shall I be revenged on mankind. Yet I would that all might know how rich I am, as this would heighten their misery. But hush! whence all this noise and hurry? what crowds are here, all covered with dust, and out of breath? They have smelt out the gold! Shall I mount this hill, and pelt them with stones, or shall I for once hold some parley with them? It will make them more unhappy, when they find how I despise them; therefore I will stay and receive them."

He is then approached, first, by Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new song; and of whom he says,—"The other day, when I asked him for a supper, he held out a rope, though he had emptied many a cask with me." Next comes Philiades, a flatterer; "to whom," says Timon, "I gave a large piece of ground, and two talents for his daughter's portion: yet, afterwards, when I was sick and begged his help, the wretch fell upon me and beat me." The third comer is Demeas an orator: "He," says Timon, "was bound to the state for seventeen talents, and, being unable to pay it, I took pity on him and redeemed him;

yet, when he was distributing the public money to our tribe, and I asked him for my share, he declared he did not know me." The fourth is Thrasycles, a philosopher, of whom Timon speaks thus: "This fellow, if you meet him in the morning, shall be well clad, modest and humble, and will talk to you by the hour about piety and virtue, condemn luxury and praise frugality; but, when he comes to supper in the evening, will forget all he has said in the morning, devour everything before him, crowd his neighbors, and lean upon the dishes, as if he expected to find the virtue he talked so much of at the bottom of them. Then he gets drunk, dances, sings, scolds, and abuses everybody; always talking in his cups, and haranguing others about temperance, though himself so drunk as to be the laughing-stock of all about him. Even when sober, he is the most sordid, impudent, lying fellow on earth; the meanest of flatterers, notorious for oaths, insolence, and imposture; and, on the whole, a most perfect character." To these succeed Laches, Blepsias, Gniphon, and "a whole heap of scoundrels"; and all of them are treated to thwackings with the spade or pelting with stones, till they are content to leave him alone; whereupon the dialogue closes.

It may be observed that neither Lucian nor Plutarch furnishes any hint towards the banquet which Timon gets up for his false friends. In the old anonymous play, mentioned above, Timon is represented as inviting them to a feast, and setting before them stones painted to look like artichokes, with which he afterwards pelts them and drives them out. How Shakespeare's *Timon* came to resemble the other in respect of this incident, is a question for those who have the curiosity and the leisure to pursue it. On the other hand, the resemblance between Lucian and Shakespeare is especially close in the apostrophe of Timon upon finding the gold; and as the anonymous play has no such resemblance, this argues that the Poet's borrowings from Lucian were not made through that medium.

In the Shakespearean gallery of art, the *Timon of Athens* forms a distinct class by itself. Of dramatic merit,

the piece, as already observed, has very little, though probably as much as could well be made out of the subject. Nevertheless, the play is one that we would not willingly be without; and its chief value in respect of the Poet lies in that it exhibits him in an entirely new character, and yields fresh argument of the seemingly-unlimited scope and variety of his genius; displaying in him a set of powers which he has elsewhere kept unused, but which, even though possessed in a lower degree, have sufficed to render several other writers immortal. "The satirist's terrible scourge" has been often wielded with a power that still defies the eatings of time; divers authors live and will live, whose greatest excellence stands in this: in Shakespeare it is among the least, if not the least; yet literature has nothing that comes up to Timon in the eloquence of invective and denunciation; wherein we have satire idealized up to the highest pitch of sublimity and awfulness, yet so glorified with the interfusings of imagination as to charm and fascinate while it causes to shudder.

The life of the play is almost wholly concentrated in Timon himself; indeed there is little else that deserves to be regarded as a representation of character, unless an exception should be made in favor of Apemantus. The character of Timon was substantially formed from the Poet's own mind acting upon hints and materials drawn from the sources we have indicated; so that the whole cast and impression of it is original. His bearing, at first, is full of manly grace and nobleness, showing the spirit of an accomplished, high-minded, most disinterested gentleman. His free-heartedness and open-handedness, though undiscriminating, are without any touch of selfishness; he is ready, and even eager, to knit himself into a friendship with any or with all, who hold out an occasion for the lavishing of his bounty, regardless of their personal qualities. But his profuse and unrespective liberality proceeds altogether upon an ideal and perhaps somewhat self-willed view of mankind: he speaks and acts like one whose powers of experience are overborne by the impulses of an undis-

ciplined imagination; thus evermore attributing, not finding, the character which he loves: so that perhaps the worst we can say of him is, that he seems to be moved by an ambition such as would have the reasons or the causes of his generosity rest entirely in himself, and not in any worthiness in the receiver thereof. And because his love thus proceeds upon ideal grounds, therefore, when the revulsion comes, he is equally undiscriminating and self-willed in his hate: both growing purely from an imaginative, not from an experimental source, there is of course as little respect of persons in the one as in the other. In either case, the causes of his action are wholly in himself, and not at all in the objects of it: for even so, where one's life is thus "of imagination all compact," the first crossings and thwartings of personal experience are apt to upset and revolutionize his whole scheme and conception of human character: as his confidence is without any real ground in the experienced differences of men, so he has nothing to rescue him from the ideal consequences of a single disappointment.

This is evidently the true root and basis alike of his overflowing bounties and his all-withering imprecations. Hence, when the occasion comes, he flies at once from one extreme to its farthest opposite: in hatred as in love, he must still be treating men as if there were nothing to choose between them; and when the exception of his faithful Steward is forced upon him, he prefers to die rather than retreat from the extreme ground of imagination to the medium ground of experience. Nevertheless, in his misanthropy we can discover no signs of a reaction, (if it ought not rather to be called a continuation,) such as not seldom occurs in actual life, from a profligate and unprincipled companionship. For his unrespective blastings of reproof are poured forth, fresh and full of spirit, from the depths of an enraged imagination; and have nothing of the stale and musty sourness which often supervenes upon the fermentings of a beastly and sensual life.

The character of Apemantus seems designed, in part, on

purpose to illustrate the difference between the intense hearty misanthropy of Timon and the low vulgar cynicism of an outworn profligate or superannuated debauchee. For in Apemantus we have a specimen of the cynic proper, who finds his pastime in a sort of scowling buffoonery and malignant slang; at first setting himself to practice the arts of a snarling scorner of men, because this feeds his distempered conceit; and then by dint of such exercise gradually working himself up into a corresponding passion. For it is easy to see that the cynicism which now forms his character originated in sheer affectation. Timon justly despises the sincere cant of one who thus drives contempt of mankind as a trade; for he knows it to be the offspring of disappointed vanity, seeking to indemnify its own baseness by making reprisals on others. He sees that Apemantus never had in himself a single touch of the goodness, the alleged want of which he so much delights to bark at; and that his superiority to the common passions of men is all because he has not virtue enough left to be vicious.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

TIMON AND THE STEWARD

The scene between Timon and the steward is unquestionably from the master-hand of our poet. The character of Timon as his ruin is approaching him is beautifully developed. His reproach of his steward, slightly unjust as it is, is in a tone perfectly in accordance with the kindness of his nature; and his rising anger is forgotten in a moment in his complete conviction of the integrity of that honest servant. His entire reliance upon the gratitude of his friends is most touching. Thoroughly Shakesperean is the steward's description of the coldness of the senators; and Timon's answer is no less characteristic of the great interpreter of human feelings.—Knight, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

APEMANTUS

But Apemantus, who is intended as a foil to Timon, is despicable where Timon is only weak; he is incapable even of the selfishness of isolation from evil; he is born a misanthrope, Timon has misanthropy thrust upon him. Timon may be weak and morbid, but he is at least sincere and pure; Apemantus is a sham, and wallows withal in the mire.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

SHAKESPEARE'S METHOD

In the character of Timon, Shakspere gained dramatic remoteness from his own personality. It would have been contrary to the whole habit of the dramatist's genius to

have used one of his characters merely as a mask to conceal his visage, while he relieved himself with lyrical vehemence of the feelings that oppressed him. No: Shakspere, when Timon was written, had attained self-possession, and could transfer himself with real disinterestedness into the person of the young Athenian favorite of fortune. This, in more than one instance, was Shakspere's method,—having discovered some single central point of sympathy between his chief character and his past or present self, to secure freedom from all mere lyrical intensity by studying that one common element under conditions remote from those which had ever been proper or peculiar to himself.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SERIOUSNESS

Timon of Athens always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakespeare. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design. It is the only play of our author in which spleen is the predominant feeling of the mind. It is as much a satire as a play: and contains some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived, both in the snarling, captious answers of the cynic Apemantus, and in the impassioned and more terrible imprecations of Timon. The latter remind the classical reader of the force and swelling impetuosity of the moral declamations in *Juvenal*, while the former have all the keenness and caustic severity of the old Stoic philosophers. The soul of Diogenes appears to have been seated on the lips of Apemantus. The churlish profession of misanthropy in the cynic is contrasted with the profound feeling of it in Timon, and also with the soldier-like and determined resentment of Alcibiades against his countrymen, who have banished him, though this forms only an incidental episode in the tragedy.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A LACK OF HARMONY

The play appears to want that perfection of scope, plan, and range that would be in keeping with the style and finish of its better parts. There is a lack of harmony between the defective and unsatisfying dramatic structure and the faultless vigor and delicacy of the execution of large portions, that would be decisive, though the execution also did not betray the traces of different hands. Of the greater portion of the play it may be said, with confidence, that it displays the fullest and ripest energy of the poet's mind,—his fancy, intellect and imagination in completest concert and force;—it is so far as nearly equal to *Lear*, to *Othello*, to *Macbeth* as the capability of the subject admits, and it does admit at least of comparison. The contrast of the weakness and negligence of other parts is unmistakable,—weakness as obvious in form as in manner, and the best excellence of these parts seems due to having undergone a cursory correction more liberal of erasure, to which even the raggedness of the meter may be due, than of substitution. I will recollect my earliest impression on reading this play, and am scarcely disposed to swerve from it,—it was that Shakespeare had put his hand to the drama of another author, with intent, in the first instance, to give it just so much, and no more revisal as would make it useful in representation, not deeming the theme susceptible or worthy of rewriting entirely: imagination, however, and invention were not to be controlled, and at last and by degrees he was drawn on to rewrite entirely first one scene and then another, until in mere aversion to adopt the whole play by complete revision of a dramatic subject matter he was not quite satisfied with, he left it as we have it, of gold and clay commixed, an incomplete if not sometimes inaccurate metamorphosis. It is scarcely necessary to specify the speech of Flavius, commencing, "What will this come to?—he commands us to provide and give great gifts," and the dialogues of Alcibiades and Senators as chief illustrations of these differences, which

will escape few readers. The readiness with which Shakespeare adopted a plot is sufficient instruction whence he would derive such diversities in style.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

INEQUALITIES

The impression made on most readers by Timon is that of great inequality. The versification is loose, and either unusually irregular or corrupted. Some portions of the piece are worked out with love, others appear to have been most carelessly treated. The many indifferent personages with no distinctly marked characters make the scenes here and there disconnected. The intensity and depth of feeling with which the subject, as a whole, is carried out cannot be denied; but compared with this earnestness, the burlesque scenes, where the borrowing servants of Timon are turned off, are too sharply contrasted. The composition is arranged with the old attention to unity of idea, but in some points it is loose and, as it were, unfinished. With the story of Timon there is united a second action between Alcibiades and the senate. This is carried on in exact parallel, and in the same sense as the main action; but it does not hang well together in all its parts. In Act V, sc. iii, it is intimated that Alcibiades has undertaken the war against Athens partly on Timon's account, but nothing further is said of this in the play. The reason of his rebellion is given in Act III, sc. v. He there pleads in vain for a friend who has been condemned to death for killing a man in a duel. The poet handles with his usual triumphant impartiality the question of dueling, and places the views of justice, order, and age in opposition to those of honor, passion, and youth, with the same decided indecision as that in which he has left the question of self-murder an open matter. But the discussion concerns some one entirely unknown; we learn nothing whatever of the man's person or home. Singularly enough, all commentators pass over this circumstance without remark, although no similar disconnected scene is to be found in the whole of

Shakespeare. How these irregularities are to be accounted for is a matter of dispute. Coleridge thought that the original text of Shakespeare had been spoiled by actors. Knight considered the piece to be a revision of an older play, of which portions only were retained, so that *Timon* was to be looked upon as a companion piece to *Pericles*. Delius regards the play as an unfinished work, the outlines of which were left incomplete for representation. We, on our side, however, attribute the carelessness in a number of plays of this date to one common, though unfathomable, cause—the state of the poet's mind. We must, however, add that some of the peculiarities in this or other works of the same date may arise also from the subject itself. *Timon* is a play with scarcely any real story. Shakespeare was led in his judicious manner by two mere hints to display the relation of Timon to Alcibiades and Apemantus; nevertheless, we can easily imagine that among these ancient materials, where he did not feel himself quite at home, he would not hazard too much in his inventions, that he would be timorous in the creation of entirely new persons, and that hence we may explain the many nameless figures which here, as in *Antony* and *Coriolanus*, are sometimes obliged to carry on the action.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

THE UNDER-PLOT

Plutarch had mentioned that Timon, when he had forsaken all other men, made a companion of Alcibiades, because he knew that one day he would do great mischief unto the Athenians. From this slender hint Shakspere developed a highly characteristic underplot. He represents Alcibiades (who recalls the historical figure in nothing but name) as undergoing an experience akin to that of Timon, and meeting it in a diametrically opposite way. The two plots are not sufficiently interwoven, but their mutual bearing is quite clear, and it is strange that so many critics should have rejected Act III, sc. v, where we

learn the reason of Alcibiades' wrath against his native city. One of his friends has, in sudden rage, killed a man who had traduced his honor, and thus lies under sentence of death. Alcibiades begs the senate for mercy, and his speech is an echo of the solemn pleadings of Portia and Isabella. Like them it appeals from the merciless written law to that higher principle of equity in which law has its true sanction. But the senators, a body of cold-blooded men of the world, have no spark of sympathy for the pride of reputation, which, feeling a stain like a wound, strikes out too vehemently in self-defense. As they had denied all help to Timon when his high-souled generosity brought him to ruin, so now they refuse all mercy to the victim of the chivalrous principle of honor. And in both cases they are ungrateful as well as hard-hearted, for, like Timon, the condemned man has done the state good service, and Alcibiades throws his own deserts as an additional weight into the scale. But to all entreaties the senators make the icy rejoinder: "We are for the law: he dies." Then follows a scene so strikingly parallel to the central situation in *Coriolanus* that its rejection by critics is incomprehensible. Alcibiades, like the Roman hero, feels a patrician's and soldier's shame in stooping to beg of his inferiors, and the rejection of his suit stirs him to an outburst, which is a mild echo of Coriolanus' fury when he is refused the consulship.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE FAULTS OF THE PLAY

The diction is curiously involved, abrupt, elliptical, packed with useless metaphor, and is less lucid than in any earlier play. The idea is presented harshly and with violence. There is a good deal of sonorous but rather empty declamation. Nevertheless the play contains magnificent passages.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON, *a noble Athenian*
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, } *flattering lords*
VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher*
FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon*
Poet, Painter, Jeweler, and Merchant
An old Athenian
FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, } *servants to Timon*
CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, HORTENSIUS, And others, } *servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords*
A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers

PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades*

Cupid and Amazons in the mask

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighboring woods*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

By his liberality, Timon, a lord of Athens, surrounds himself with countless numbers of dependents and followers. They flatter him and he gives them gifts and shows them other favors, believing in the sincerity of their friendships. He gives one dinner at which the favors are precious stones. Flavius, his steward, is much distressed over this mad bounty of his master.

ACT II

Timon's creditors begin to suspect his financial condition and dun him for their money. At last Timon is made to realize that his steward's worryings had some foundation, but he comforts himself with the thought that he has only to ask aid from those who have enjoyed his bounty and that all their wealth will be at his disposal. Accordingly he dispatches his servants to them with requests for loans.

ACT III

His one-time friends all refuse to help him and even send to him demanding that he pay them certain small sums he owes them. Realizing the worthlessness of these men and to show his contempt of them, he invites them to a farewell banquet. When the dishes are uncovered they are seen to contain only warm water. Reproaching them for their ungratefulness he throws the water in their faces and hurls the dishes at them, driving them from the house.

ACT IV

After this last dinner, Timon leaves Athens and goes to the woods to live "where he shall find the unkindest beast more kinder than mankind." One day in digging roots for food, he finds some buried gold, but it gives him no pleasure. As he is looking at it, an Athenian named Alcibiades, who had been banished, passes that way to make war on the city. Timon gives him some of the gold to pay his soldiers, not because he loves Alcibiades, but because he desires to see Athens punished. Flavius seeks out his old master, who acknowledges his former servant as the one honest man in the world and bestows on him some of his gold, but tells him never to let him see him again.

ACT V

As Alcibiades approaches Athens, the senators remember Timon and send a delegation, asking him to return to the city and to take the captaincy of all their forces with absolute power. So they hope to drive back Alcibiades, but Timon answers them that he cares not if Alcibiades sack fair Athens, and that he has no pity either for old age or for youth. Unable to win his aid, the senators return to Athens, which place they are soon forced to surrender to Alcibiades. As the city falls word is brought the conqueror of Timon's death.

THE LIFE OF
TIMON OF ATHENS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Athens. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweler, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you 're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Aye, that 's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweler.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10

To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

15–17. Former editors have thought it needful to inform the reader that these three lines are the beginning of the poem which the speaker afterwards describes. The information, whether needful or not, is doubtless correct. As the Poet strikes up the rehearsal of his lines without bespeaking any listener, this puts the Painter upon supposing him to be in a rapture. Perhaps the reader would like to be told further, that the sudden discharge of poetry arrests the speech of the Jeweler.—H. N. H.

21. The original has,—"Our Poesie is as a *Gowne,* which *uses"*; from which no sense can be gathered. The substitution of *oozes* is by Dr. Johnson. What follows shows that the word, whichever it be, is meant to convey the idea of *spontaneous* production; not *forced,* as the fire from the flint.—H. N. H.

"gum, which oozes"; Johnson's reading; Ff. read *"gown which uses"*; Pope, *"gum which issues."*—I. G.

24–25. *"flies Each bound it chafes"*; Ff., *"chases"*; Beckett conj. *"flies. Eche (bound) it chafes"*; Schmidt, *"chafes with."*—I. G.

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book
forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: how this grace 30
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man! 40

30–31. *"grace Speaks his own standing"*; Johnson conj. *"standing . . . graces* or *grace Speaks understanding"*; Mason conj. *"Grace Speaks its own standing"*; Jackson conj. *"grace Speaks! 'tis one standing"*; Orger conj. *"grace . . . seeming."*—I. G.

This picture, it would seem, is a full-length portrait of Timon, in which the gracefulness of the attitude expresses the habitual *standing* or *carriage* of the original.—H. N. H.

34. *"interpret"*; one might supply words to such intelligible action: the significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. So in *Cymbeline,* Act ii. sc. 4: "Never saw I pictures so likely to report themselves."—H. N. H.

37. *"tutors nature"*; the excellence of an artist was often set forth by representing him as the tutor or the competitor of nature.—H. N. H.

40. *"happy man"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"happy men."*—I. G.

Pain. Look, moe!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. 50
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as

45–46. *"my free drift halts not particularly";* my design does not stop at any particular character.—H. N. H.

47. *"sea of wax";* Bailey conj. *"sweep of taxing";* Collier MS., *"sea of verse,"* etc.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.—I. G.

It is difficult to make any intelligible sense out of this expression. *Sea of wax* is commonly interpreted as an allusion to the *waxen* tablets on which the ancients wrote; a custom not altogether laid aside in England till about the close of the fourteenth century. Mr. Singer explains it, more properly, as referring to the *limberness* of the speaker's matter; *wax* being the type of a "theme easily moulded to any drift, not rigidly fixed to one." Mr. Collier's second folio changes *wax* into *verse,* which strikes us as not unworthy of being considered; as *wax* was then commonly written *waxe,* and so might be misprinted for *verse.* In either case, the expression appears sufficiently strained and far-fetched; but perhaps the Poet meant something of burlesque, and so dashed the poetaster's language with absurdity.—H. N. H.

49–50. Johnson explains the passage thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or 'levell'd' at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."—H. N. H.

Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down 60
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her; 70
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

58. *"glass-faced"*; one who shows by reflection the looks of his patron. The Poet was mistaken in the character of Apemantus; but seeing that he paid frequent visits to Timon, he naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.—H. N. H.

67. *"propagate their states"*; that is, to *improve* or *advance* their conditions.—H. N. H.

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment 79
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Aye, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show, 90
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

82–83. *"through him drink the free air"*; to *"drink the air,"* like the *haustos ætherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetic phrase for *draw the air,* or *breathe.* To *"drink the free air,"* therefore, through another, is to breathe freely at his will only, to depend on him for the privilege of life.—H. N. H.

87. *"slip"*; Ff., *"sit"*; Delius conj. *"sink."*—I. G.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Mess. Aye, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I 'll pay the debt and free him.
Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.
Mess. All happiness to your honor! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father. 110
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!
Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well, what further? 120
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself; 130
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.
Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?
Luc. Aye, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

128. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."—I. G.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*
Poet. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are 159
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve ye!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners, 170
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He 'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

168. To *"unclew"* a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortune. To *unclew* is to unwind a ball of thread.—H. N. H.

170–171. *"Things of like value . . . masters";* are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.—H. N. H.

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not. 181

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon. 190

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it? 200

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou 'ldst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great 210 bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labor.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet! 220
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That 's not feigned; he is so. 230
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Aye.
Tim. Wherefore? 240
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.

241. *"That I had no angry wit to be a lord"*; Blackstone conj.

Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Aye, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, 250
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

"Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord"; Malone conj. *"That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!"*; Anon. conj. *"That I had no ampler wit than be a lord"*; Warburton, *"That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord"*; Heath conj. *"That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord,"* etc., etc.—I. G.

We retain this vexatious line just as it stands in the original, though, we confess, unable to make any sense out of it. That the line is corrupt, all are agreed; but no two agree how to correct it. Divers changes have been proposed. Perhaps the best of all is that made by an unknown hand in a copy of the second folio owned by Mr. Singer,—"That I had *an empty* wit to be a lord"; the sense in this case being rendered something clearer thus,—"That, to be a lord, I had an empty wit"; not unlike the slang phrase which we have sometimes heard,—"As silly as a duke." It may be well to remark that Apemantus is giving the reason why he should hate himself, if he were a lord; and nothing were more characteristic than for him to assign as his reason, that, in order to be a lord, he must needs have been born a dunce. However, the sense seems hardly clear enough to warrant the change.—H. N. H.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alicb. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? 270

Apem. Aye, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for
I mean to give thee none.

269. Ritson says we should read,—"The *more* accursed thou."—H. N. H.

First Lord. Hang thyself!
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
make thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll 280
spurn thee hence!
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the
ass. [*Exit.*
First Lord. He 's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding 290
All use of quittance.
First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.
Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
we in?
First Lord. I 'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, drop-

ping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honor'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there 's none 10
Can truly says he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

13. *"faults that are rich are fair";* that is, the faults of rich men, as the world goes, are thought fair; still they are faults.—Several speeches in this scene, that are commonly printed as verse, we print as prose, because they cannot possibly be made to run as verse save to the eye; neither the ear nor the mind being able to receive them as such.—H. N. H.

Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.* 20

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humor there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;'
but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him
have a table by himself; for he does neither 30
affect company, nor is he fit for 't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an
Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself
would have no power; prithee, let my meat
make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for
I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods,
what a number of men eat Timon, and he 40
sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many
dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the
madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:

22. *"confess'd it! hang'd it";* perhaps an allusion to a common proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged." —H. N. H.

29. *"ever angry";* the original has *"very* angry." The change was made by Rowe, and is clearly required by the sense. The misprint was common.—H. N. H.

Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that
sits next him now, parts bread with him,
pledges the breath of him in a divided
draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 50
't has been proved. If I were a huge man,
I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here 's
that which is too weak to be a sinner, hon- 60
est water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there 's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.—I. G.

53. *"windpipe's dangerous notes"*; "the windpipe's notes" were the sounds or motions made by the throat when in the act of drinking. It should be remembered that our ancestor's throats were uncovered. Perhaps, as Steevens observes, a quibble is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.—H. N. H.

53–54. We print this speech as it stands in the original, save that the closing couplet is there printed as prose. Modern editors commonly print it all as verse; but it is impossible to give it such a character save to the eye; and it is not pleasant to be told that we ought to read that as verse which is not so.—H. N. H.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom, 70
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends. 80

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our

73. *"sin"*; Farmer conj. *"sing"*; Singer conj. *"dine"*; Kinnear conj. *"surfeit."*—I. G.

zeals, we should think ourselves for ever per- 90
fect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what 100
need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our 110
friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

113. *"O joy,"* etc.; of course he refers to the tears which, at the moment of his speaking, fill his eyes, and so choke the joy that was just coming to the birth.—H. N. H.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up. 120
Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.
Apem. Much! [*Tucket, within.*
Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!
Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.
Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?
Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures. 130
Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;

123. *"Much!";* was sometimes used ironically, or as an exclamation of scorn.—H. N. H.

132–137. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.—I. G.

135–136. *"th' ear . . . rise";* the original reads, *"There* tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise." The correction, perhaps we should say restoration, of the text is Warburton's. The changing of *there* into *the ear* and of *all* into *smell* is necessary in order to make out the "five senses"; four of which are to be gratified at Timon's table, and the other, sight, by the forthcoming mask.—H. N. H.

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They 're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're beloved. 140

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

139. *"Music, make their welcome";* Pope reads *"Let musick make their welcome";* Capell, *"Musick, make known their welcome."*—I. G.

140. *"a mask of Ladies";* the Masques, or entertainments in disguise, by members of the Court, were in full vogue at this time. First brought into England from Italy, in Henry VIII's reign, they had received a sudden accession of outward splendor and intrinsic worth in the hands of Ben Jonson, to whose verse Inigo Jones, Alfonso Ferrabosco, John Dowland, and Thomas Gills furnished machinery, music, and dances. Shakespeare has introduced them twice elsewhere, in *Hen. VIII* and *The Tempest,*—both within a few years of the date of *Timon.*—C. H. H.

142. Shakespeare probably borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* 1583: *"Dauncers* thought to be *madmen."* "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice." And again: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men daunce, ran away marvellously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad."—H. N. H.

143–144. *"The glory of this life"* is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when opposed to the frugal repast of a philosopher feeding on oil and roots.—H. N. H.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves 150
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for 't. 160

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

158. So in the original. Modern editions commonly insert *lively* before *luster,* from the second folio.—H. N. H.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humor; 170
Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—
When all 's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honor me so much 180
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

172. An equivoque is probably intended here between *having money* and *being crossed* or *thwarted;* certain coin being in the Poet's time stamped with a *cross* on one side.—H. N. H.

173. That is, so as to be able to see or foresee the evils and miseries that follow.—H. N. H.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.
Flav. I beseech your honor, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near! why, then, another time I 'll hear thee: I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment. 191
Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honor, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?
Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and 200 has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I 'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:

His promises fly so beyond his state 210
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. 220

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does 230 affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I 'll tell you true. I 'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field. 242

Alcib. Aye, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honor and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil 's here! 250
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I 'll nothing: for if I should be
bribed too, there would be none left to rail
upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the 260
faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear
me thou wilt give away thyself in paper

shortly: what needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I 'll lock thy heaven from thee. 270

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: no porter at his gate, 10

9. *"it foals me straight"*; we have the same thought, differently expressed, before: "No gift to him but *breeds* the giver a return exceeding all use of quittance."—H. N. H.

10. *"And able horses"*; so Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"An able horse"*; Theobald, *"ten able horse"*; Jackson conj. *"Aye, able horses"*; Collier MS., *"a stable o' horses"*; Singer conj. *"Two able horses."*—I. G.

"no porter," etc.; *sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, "a porter tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn of countinauns.*" And in Dekker's play of *A Knight's Conjuring:* "You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoe's *porter* is like one of those big fellows that stand like gyants at lordes gates. Yet hee's *surly* as those key-turners are."—H. N. H.

But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honor him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

13. *"found his state in safety"*; Hanmer's reading; Ff., *"sound . . ."*; Capell, *"found . . . on safety"*; Capell conj. *"find . . . in safety."*—I. G.

22. *"fracted dates"* are bonds that have run past their *date* unpaid, and so are *broken.*—H. N. H.

30. To catch the full sense of this line, the reader should remember that in the Poet's time *"his"* was continually used for *its,* as in the English Bible; *its* not being then a legitimate word.—H. N. H.

Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money? 10

32. "*which*" for *who;* referring to *Timon,* not to *gull.*—H. N. H.
6. "*Was to be*"; Heath conj. "*Was made to be*"; Long MS., "*Was*"; Mason conj. "*Was formed*"; Singer MS., "*Was truly*"; Collier MS., "*Was surely.*"—I. G.
10. "*Varro*"; servants were often addressed by the name of their masters.—H. N. H.

Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we 'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month: 20
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

14. *"we 'll forth again"*; that is, to hunting; in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda,* 1592: "He means this *evening* in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, always hunted in the afternoon.—H. N. H.

20. *"To the succession,"* etc.; to the time of the new moon.—C. H. H.

23. *"suit"*; accord.—C. H. H.

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays
your speedy payment.
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,— 29
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord,
six weeks and past.
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord,
and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I 'll wait upon you instantly.
[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*
[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encoun-
ter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen, 40
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well enter-
tain'd. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

38. The original reads,—"With clamorous demands of *debt,* broken bonds." The emendation is Malone's. *Date-broke bonds* agrees well with *fracted dates,* in the preceding scene. The occurrence of *debts* in the next line is much in favor of the change.—H. N. H.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog! 50
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.
Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.
Caph. Where 's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question. Poor 60 rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress? 70
Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such

69. *"Gramercies"*; this word, from the French *grand merci,* meaning literally *great thanks,* is commonly used in the singular, as a few lines below.—H. N. H.

71–73. Evidently alluding to the old method of *scalding* chickens, to get the feathers off. And with this is joined a reference to a certain disease and to the *sweating tub* used for the curing of it; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl.*"—The character of the

chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably. 80

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt 90 famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

Corinthian women was such that the name came to signify a prostitute. *"Corinth"* is here used for a house of ill fame.—H. N. H.

75. *"mistress"*; (so l. 107).—I. G.

All Serv. Aye; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Aye, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one. 110

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes 120 that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou are not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

119. *"artificial one"*; meaning the celebrated object of all alchymical research, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talked of.—H. N. H.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come. 130

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher. [*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took, 140
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

137. *"rated";* calculated.—C. H. H.
142. The construction is, "And made that unaptness your minister." —H. N. H.

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure 150
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late!—yet now 's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning? 161

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd 169
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room

153. *"loved lord"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"dear lov'd lord"*; S. Walker conj. *"belov'd."*—I. G.

154. Ff. read *"Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The"*; Hanmer, *"Though . . . yet now's too late a time"*; Collier MS., *"Though . . . yet now's a time too late."*—I. G.

Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise, 180
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

173. *"wasteful cock";* Pope reads *"lonely room";* Collier MS., *"wasteful nook";* Jackson conj. *"wakeful cock";* Jervis conj. *"wakeful couch";* Keightley, *"wasteful cock-loft";* Daniel conj. *"wakeful cot";* Jackson's conjecture seems best, *"wakeful cock," i. e.* "cock-loft," unless *"cock"*= wine-tap.—I. G.

This passage has greatly puzzled the commentators and put them upon divers strange explanations. Nares in his Glossary has doubtless given the right explanation; taking *cock* to mean the common instrument for drawing liquor from a cask. Mr. Dyce says,—"One thing is quite clear,—that *wasteful cock* can only mean 'a pipe with a turning stopple running to waste.'" The reference, we have no doubt, is to the "spilth of wine" mentioned just before, which was kept running to waste by the owner's prodigality. The thoughts started in such a place would naturally set the good servant's "eyes at flow."—H. N. H.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd, 192
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honor to-day: you to Sem- 200 pronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold, 210
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.
Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?
Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:— 220
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.
Tim. You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad; 231
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he 's stepp'd

Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That had, give 't these fellows 240
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat

your honor to supply; who, having great 20
and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath
sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing
doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says
he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis,
if he would not keep so good a house. Many
a time and often I ha' dined with him, and
told him on 't; and come again to supper to
him, of purpose to have him spend less; and
yet he would embrace no counsel, take no 30
warning by my coming. Every man has
his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him
on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always
wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a to-
wardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—
and one that knows what belongs to reason; 40
and canst use the time well, if the time use
thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*]
Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw
nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a
bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and
thou knowest well enough, although thou

21. *"fifty talents"*; the Greek gold talent was worth about $1200. But the writer clearly intended coin of much smaller value (prob. the English pound).—C. H. H.

comest to me, that this is no time to lend
money, especially upon bare friendship,
without security. Here 's three solidares
for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say 50
thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!
[*Throwing back the money.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit
for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, 60
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,

49. *"solidares"*; Steevens says, "I believe this coin is from the mint of the Poet." We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here; but he probably formed it from *solidari,* or *soldi,* a small coin. —H. N. H.

53. *"And we alive that lived"; i. e.* in so short a time.—I. G.

58. *"Let molten coin be thy damnation"; cp.* the old ballad, *"The Dead Man's Song":—*

> *"And ladles full of melted gold*
> *Were poured down their throats."*—I. G.

One of the punishments invented for the covetous and avaricious in hell of old was, to have melted gold poured down their throats. In the old *Shepherd's Calendar* Lazarus declares himself to have seen covetous men and women in hell dipped in caldrons of molten metal.—H. N. H.

62–63. *"slave, Unto his honor"*; Steevens' reading; Ff., *"Slave unto his honor"*; Pope, *"slave Unto this hour"*; Collier MS., *"slave*

Unto his honor, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that

unto his humor"; Staunton, *"slave Unto dishonor"*; but the words are probably spoken ironically.—I. G.

Lucullus, it is insinuated, is a slave who had been honored by admission to Timon's feasts.—C. H. H.

69. *"prolong his hour"*; that is, prolong his *hour* of suffering. Thus Timon in a future passage says, "Live loath'd and *long!*" And in *Coriolanus,* Menenius says to the Volscian sentinel, "Be that you are, *long,* and your misery increase with your age."—H. N. H.

not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that 20 honorable man! there was very little honor showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and suchlike trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor. My honored 30 lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

13. *"so many"*; changed by Theobald to *"fifty"*; so, too, in line 43; but the figures are very doubtful, and *"fifty-five hundred talents,"* in l. 45, is obviously a mere exaggeration.—I. G.

A common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number: the stranger apparently did not know the exact sum; and yet some editors have arbitrarily substituted *"fifty* talents."—H. N. H.

26. *"mistook him,"* etc., *i. e.* "made the mistake and applied to me"; Hanmer, *"o'erlooked"*; Warburton, *"mislook'd"*; Johnson conj. *"not mistook."*—I. G.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now? 40

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir. 50

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord

43. *"so many"*; such is again the reading the old copy supplies; some modern editors have here again substituted *"fifty* talents." But this was the phraseology of the Poet's age.—H. N. H.

55. *"for a little part"*; Theobald, *"for a little dirt"*; Hanmer, *"a little dirt"*; Heath conj. *"for a little profit"*; Johnson conj. *"for a little park"*; Mason conj. *"for a little port"*; Jackson conj. *"for a little part"*; Bailey conj. *"for a little sport"*; Kinnear conj. *"for a little pomp."* Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honor, I have lost the more honorable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."—I. G.

Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness;
but I would not, for the wealth of Athens,
I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall. 70

Luc. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.
[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed.
[*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Aye, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money 80
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—

76. *"spirit,"* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"sport"*; Collier MS., *"port."*—I. G.

He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.
Third Stran. Religion groans at it.
First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, 90
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honorable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

85. *"in respect of his"*; Staunton conj. *"this."*—I. G.
That is, "in respect of his *fortune.*" What Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to his fortune less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.—H. N. H.
94. The meaning evidently is, "Though he has never given me any thing, I would have regarded my wealth as a gift from him, and returned him the best half of it."—H. N. H.

Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgment in him: 10
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't; I 'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

12. *"Thrive, give him over"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"That thriv'd, give him over"*; Pope, *"Three give him over?"*; Hanmer, *"Tried give him over"*; Theobald, *"Thriv'd, give him over?"*; Tyrwhitt conj. *"Shriv'd give him over:"*; Johnson conj. *"Thrice give him over,"* etc. —I. G.

14. *"sense"*; Collier conj. *" 'scuse."*—I. G.

I 'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but in the end 30 the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd 40
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;

29. *"crossed himself"*; defeated his own purpose.—C. H. H.

31. *"villainies . . . set him clear"*; Ritson's explanation of this passage is undoubtedly the right one: "The devil's folly in making man politic is to appear in this,—that he will at the long run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thraldom."—H. N. H.

33–34. *"those that under . . . zeal"*; Warburton thinks that this is leveled at the Puritans. "Sempronius, like them, takes a virtuous semblance to be wicked, pretending that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted if any other be applied to before it."—H. N. H.

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus
and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Aye, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Laboring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

43. That is, keep within doors for fear of duns.—H. N. H.

Luc. Serv. Aye, but the days are wax'd shorter with him: 11
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable. I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money. 21
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I 'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what 's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

12. "*a prodigal course . . .*"; that is, like him in blaze and splendor.—H. N. H.

15–17. Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow.—H. N. H.

First. Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum 31
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal 'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.* 40

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Aye,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills, 49
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

31–33. The meaning is, "it should seem by the sum your master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than that of my master, else surely *my master's* loan had equaled his."—H. N. H.

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Aye, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter? 60

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord 70 leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

70. "Here, as in Lear and Constance, the poet takes care to mark the concurrence of physical with moral causes of insanity. Mere bodily disease is no subject for dramatic representation; and the fact of its existence is lightly enough indicated; but it is indicated, and that is sufficient to preserve the exact natural verisimilitude of the diseased mind's history" (Dr. Bucknill, *The Mad Folk of Shakespeare*, p. 247).—C. H. H.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Ser. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage? 80
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.
Hor. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills. 90
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.

91. Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills;* he catches at the word, and alludes to *bills* or battle-axes.—H. N. H.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours?—and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.* 100
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I 'll have it so. My steward! 110
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all: I 'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord, You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,

113. *"Sempronius: all:"*; so Ff. 3, 4; F. 1, *"Sempronius Vllorxa: All"*; F. 2, *"Semprovius: All"*; Malone, *"Sempronius: Ullorxa, all"*; Grant White suggested that *"Vllorxa"* was a misprint for *"Ventidius."*—I. G.

I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honor, health, and compassion to the senate!
First Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honor in him which buys out his fault—

14. "*setting his fate aside*"; that is, putting this action of his which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.—H. N. H.

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe: 20
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarreling
Upon the head of valor; which indeed
Is valor misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born: 30
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

22. *"behave his anger, ere 'twas spent"*; Ff., *"behooue his . . ."*; Johnson conj. *"behold his adversary shent"*; Steevens conj. *"behave, ere was his anger spent"*; Beckett conj. *"behave; his anger was, 'ere spent"*; Hanmer; *"behave in's . . ."*; Malone conj. *"behave his . . ."*; Collier MS., *"reprove his . . .,"* etc.—I. G.

The original has,—"He did *behoove* his anger"; an evident misprint. The emendation is Warburton's; meaning, of course, govern, manage, or control his anger, as in the phrase, *"behave* yourself." *Behave* was not unfrequently used in that manner. Thus in Spenser's *Faerie Queene:*

> "But who his limbs with labors, and his mind
> *Behaves* with cares, cannot so easie miss."

Likewise, in Davenant's *Just Italian,* 1630: "How well my stars *behave* their influence." Mr. Collier's second folio changes *behave* into *reprove,* and *prov'd,* in the next line, into *mov'd.* Mr. Singer suggests *behood,* from the Poet's well-known fondness for terms of falconry. We follow the reading commonly received.—H. N. H.

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me, 40
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defense, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

54. *"sin's extremest gust";* the most violent and outrageous of sins. —C. H. H.

55. *"by mercy";* that is, I call *mercy* herself to witness.—H. N. H.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain! His service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
First Sen. What 's that?
Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valor did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him and takes his valor prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough 70
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.
First Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love 80

63. *"I say, my lords, has"*; Pope reads *"I say my lords h'as"*; F. 1, *"Why say my Lords ha's"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Why I say my Lords ha's"*; F. 4, *"Why, I say my Lords h'as"*; Capell, *"Why, I say, my lords, he has"*; Dyce, *"Why, I say, my lords, has"*; Globe edd., *"I say, my lords, he has."*—I. G.

68. *"sworn rioter"*; that is, a man who practices riot as if he had made it an oath or duty.—H. N. H.

Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
My honors to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me. 90

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly. 100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,

102. *"And, not to swell our spirit," i. e.* "not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated"; Theobald, *"And note, to swell your spirit"*; Capell, *"And, not to swell your spirit"*; Singer, *"quell"*; Kinnear, *"quail."*—I. G.

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*

105. *"Only in bone," i. e.* "as a mere skeleton"; Staunton conj. *"Only at home,"* or *"Only in doors"*; Ingleby conj. *"only in bed"*; Hudson conj. *"only alone."*—I. G.

116. *"most lands"*; Warburton, *"most hands"*; Malone conj. *"most lords"*; Mason conj. *"my stains"*; Becket conj. *"most brands"*; Jackson conj. *"most bands."*—I. G.

By *" 'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds,"* Alcibiades means, as *states* are now constituted, 'tis more honorable to be at odds with them, than to fight in their service.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.
First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.
First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 10
Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.
First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 20
Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

4. *"tiring"*; to *tire* is to peck at or feed upon, as a bird of prey on its victim.—H. N. H.

First Lord. A thousand pieces.
Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!
First Lord. What of you?
Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?
First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 30
Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.
Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.
First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an 40 empty messenger.
Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.
Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—
Tim. Aye, my good friend, what cheer?
Sec. Lord. My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.
Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

37–38. *"harshly o' the trumpet's"*; Rowe, *"harshly as o' the Trumpets"*; Steevens (1793), *"harshly on the trumpet's"*; Grant White conj. *"harshly. O, the trumpets,"* etc.—I. G.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before— 50

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What 's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it? 60

First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold? 70

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

73. *"each man to his stool"*; this alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly *placed* at table *according* to rank.—H. N. H.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, 80
make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your 90
fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
Some other. I know not. 100
Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,

104. *"you with flatteries"*; so Ff.; Warburton, *"with your flatteries"*; Keightley, *"by you with flatteries"*; F. 2 reads *"flatreries"*; S. Walker conj. *"flattery."*—I. G.

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villainy.
[*Throwing the water in their faces.*
Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady 111
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury? 120
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.
First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel

119. This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords.—H. N. H.

th' other day, and now he has beat it out of
my hat. Did you see my jewel?
Third. Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.
First Lord. Let 's make no stay. 130
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.
Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones. [*Exeunt.*

132. As Timon has in fact thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and dishes, it is not altogether clear why *"stones"* should be thus mentioned in this place. The missiles used may, it is true, have had much the same effect as stones, and thus led the speaker to mistake them for that article. On the other hand, the common use of stones in such a way may have caused other missiles to be designated by that term. Or the need of something to rhyme with *bones* may have suggested the word. But the most probable explanation is found in an old play on the subject of Timon lately published from the manuscript by Mr. Dyce, who thinks it to have been "intended for the amusement of an academic audience." In this play, also, Timon invites his false friends to a feast; but, instead of warm water, sets before them stones painted to look like artichokes, which he afterwards throws at them, and drives them out. The date of this play is not fully ascertained, but the play is supposed to have been written before Shakespeare's.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupt, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,

1–3. We concur with Knight and Verplanck in pointing this passage as it is in the original. All other modern editions, so far as we know, set a period after *wolves,* thus:

"Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves. Dive in the earth," etc.

As we now give it, Timon first addresses the city generally, and then goes on to the particulars of his imprecation. As Knight remarks, "there is much greater force and propriety in the arrangement which we adopt."—H. N. H.

6. *"general filths"* means *common strumpets:* filthiness and obscenity were synonymous with our ancestors.—H. N. H.

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal! 10
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I 'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find

21. *"let"*; Hanmer's emendation of Ff., *"yet."*—I. G.

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40
Amen. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,

Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part 21
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor. 29
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live

33–36. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *or* into *as* in the first line, adds the words, *and revive,* after *friendship* in the second, leaves out *what* in the third, and changes *compounds* into *comprehends;* thus turning the four lines into two rhyming couplets. Besides the very great license exercised on the text, we can see no reason (rhyme

But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood
When man's worst sin is, he does too much
good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:
I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his steward still. 50
[*Exit.*

there is, we grant) in the use of *and revive* in this place. The best suggestion we have met with touching the passage is Mr. Singer's, thus:

> "Who'd be so mock'd with glory *as* to live
> But in a dream of friendship? *or* to have
> His pomp, and all what state compounds,
> But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?"—H. N. H.

35. *"what state compounds"*; S. Walker conj. *"state comprehends"*; Grant White conj. *"that state compounds"*; Watkiss Lloyd conj. *"whate'er state comprehends."*—I. G.

That which composes state. "State comprehends" has been suggested, rhyming with "friends"; but the rhymes are too irregular to justify any change.—C. H. H.

Scene III

Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10
The beggar native honor.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,

2. *"thy sister's orb"*; that is, the moon's.—H. N. H.

6–8. *"not nature . . . of nature"*; "Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; such is the general depravity of mankind. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures, above whom accident has elevated them." *But* is here used in its exceptive sense, and signifies *without*.—H. N. H.

9. *"deny't"*; Warburton, *"denude"*; Hanmer, *"degrade"*; Heath conj. *"deprive"*; Steevens conj. *"devest"*; Collier MS., *"decline,"* etc.; the indefinite *"it"* refers to the implied noun in *"raise," i. e.* "give elevation to."—I. G.

12. *"pasture lards the rother's sides"*; *"rother,"* Singer's emendation for Ff. *"brothers."* F. 1, *"Pastour"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"pastor"*; Farmer and Steevens conj. *"pasterer"*: *"lards"*; Rowe's reading, F. 1, *"Lards"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Lords."*—I. G.

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man 's a flatterer'? if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd 20
All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,

The reading of the original in this place has caused a deal of perplexity, it being as follows:

> "It is the Pastour Lards, the *Brothers* sides,
> The want that makes him *leave.*"

Leave has on all hands been regarded as a misprint for *lean;* but what to do with *"brother's* sides," has been the difficulty. Warburton proposed *"wether's* sides," but the proposal did not take. *Rother* was suggested by Mr. Singer in a letter published in the *Athenæum* for April, 1842. A *rother* is a horned beast, such as oxen and cows. In Golding's translation of *Ovid,* 1567, is found the expression, "herds of *rother*-beasts." The word *rother* is also met with in the statute-book. And Holloway's *General Provincial Dictionary* informs us of a market in Shakespeare's native town, called the *"rother* market." It is not easy to conceive of any similar change more satisfactory, or better sustained.—H. N. H.

15. *"This man"* does not refer to any particular person, but to any supposed individual. So in *As You Like It:*

> "Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
> When such a one as she, such is her neighbor."—H. N. H.

I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this 30
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

27. No insincere or inconstant supplicant: *gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*.—H. N. H.

31. Aristophanes, in his *Plutus,* makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus.—H. N. H.

32. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.—H. N. H.

38. *"wappen'd"*; so Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"wapen'd"*; Warburton, *"waped"*; Johnson conj. *"wained"*; Malone conj. *"wapper'd"*; Anon. conj. *"Wapping"*; Steevens conj. *"weeping"*; Seymour conj. *"vapid"*; Staunton conj. *"woe-pin'd"*; Fleay, *"wop-eyed"*; *i. e.* having waterish eyes (*vide* Glossary).—I. G.

It is not clear what is meant by *wappen'd* in this passage: perhaps *worn out, debilitated.* In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen,* we have *unwappered* in a contrary sense:

"We prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout, the rheum, that in lag hours attend
For gray approachers: we come toward the gods

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum? Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Young and *unwapper'd,* not halting under crimes
Many and stale."

Grose, in his provincial *Glossary,* cites *wapper'd* as a Gloucestershire word, and explains it "restless or fatigued, as spoken of a sick person." Steevens cites a passage from Middleton's *Roaring Girl,* in which *wappening* and *niggling* are said to be all one. *Niggling,* in cant language, was company-keeping with a woman. *Wed* is used for *wedded.* "It is gold that induces some one to accept in marriage this 'wappen'd widow,' that the inhabitants of a spital-house or those afflicted with ulcerous sores would *cast the gorge* at, that is, reject with loathing, were she not gilded o'er by wealth."—H. N. H.

41. *"April day"; youth* is called by the old poets the *"April* of man's life." *Young* Fenton, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor,* "smells April and May."—H. N. H.

44. *"Do thy right nature";* that is, lie in the earth, where nature laid thee: *"thou'rt quick,"* means thou hast life and motion in thee.—H. N. H.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man! 50
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

64–65. This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infecter free. "I will not," says Timon, "take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee."—H. N. H.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to 70
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world 80
Voiced so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

87. The *"diet"* was a customary term for the *regimen* prescribed in the secases. In this scene we trace the Poet's reading to Plutarch's *Life of Alcibiades,* North's translation; there being no mention made of the courtesans in either of the sources whence, as shown in our Introduction, the other materials of the play were drawn. For the showing of this, the following from Plutarch will suffice: "Now was Alcibiades in a certaine village of Phrygia with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he dreamed one night that he had put on his

Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

concubines apparell, and how she had dressed his head, frizeled his haire, and painted his face, as he had bene a woman; and the voice goeth, this vision was but a litle before his death. Those that were sent to kill him durst not enter the house where he was, but set it on fire round about. Alcibiades, spying the fire, got such apparell and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to put it out; and so, casting his cloke about his left arme, tooke his naked sword in his other hand, and ranne out of the house, himselfe not once touched with the fire, saving his clothes were a litle singed. These murtherers, so soone as they spied him, drew backe, and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come neere him, to stand and fight with him; but afarre off they bestowed so many arrowes and darts on him, that they killed him there. Now, when they had left him, Timandra went and tooke his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had, and buried him as honourably as she could."—H. N. H.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Aye, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd! 104
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one: 110
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

106. *"conquer my country"*; Kinnear conj. *"confound my countrymen"*; Hanmer, *"make conquest of my country"*; Capell, *"conquer thy own country"*; S. Walker conj. *"scourge thy country"*; Hudson, *"scourge my country."*—I. G.

108. *"planetary plague"*; the result of being "struck" by a planet. —C. H. H.

116. *"window-bars"*; Johnson conj. Ff., *"window Barn"*; Pope, *"window-barn"*; Warburton, *"window-lawn"*; Tyrwhitt conj. *"widow's barb."*—I. G.

"By *'window-bars'* the Poet probably means 'the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their *paps,'* sometimes called a *niced,* and translated *Mamillare* or *fascia pectoralis;* and described as made of fine linen: from its semi-transparency arose the simile of *window* bars. This is the best explanation I have to offer. Mr. Boswell thought that *windows* was

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard whom the oracle 120
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I 'll take the gold thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

used to signify a *woman's breasts,* in a passage he has cited from Weaver's *Plantagenet's Tragical Story,* but it seems to me doubtful. I can hardly think the passage warrants Johnson's explanation, 'The virgin shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber' " (Singer). —H. N. H.

120. *"think it a bastard";* an allusion to the tale of Œdipus.—H. N. H.

122. *"swear against objects";* that is, against objects of charity and compassion. So, in *Troilus and Cressida,* Ulysses says: "For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes to tender *objects."*—H. N. H.

Phryn. }
Timan. } "Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?"

Timon of Athens. Act 4, Scene 3.

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon:
hast thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant; you are not oathable;
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; 141
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

133–134. That is, "enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."—H. N. H.

143–144. *"yet may . . . contrary";* the meaning of this passage appears to be as Steevens explains it: "Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself and imprecates upon them that for half the year their pains may be quite contrary, that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations.—H. N. H.

144. *"thatch your poor thin roofs";* the fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us "were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris," seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses,* says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World my Masters,*

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe 't that we 'll do any thing for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald; 160
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There 's more gold:

1608, the custom is decried as unnatural: "To wear periwigs made of *another's hair,* is not this against kind?" So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf:*

> "And with large sums they stick not to procure
> *Hair from the dead,* yea, and the most unclean;
> To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

We have already met with several instances showing the Poet's mind towards this custom.—H. N. H.

153. *"spurring";* Hanmer, *"sparring";* Long MS., *"spurning";* Seymour conj. *"springing";* there is no need to emend the text.—I. G.

159. To *"foresee his particular"* is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good.—H. N. H.

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, 180
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,

177. *"Common mother";* this image, (as Warburton ingeniously supposes) would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia.—H. N. H.

179. *"mettle";* material.—C. H. H.

181–183. *"adder blue,"* etc.; the adder, the only poisonous English snake, is earth-colored; by blue is probably meant "livid." The

The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face 190
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, root! dear thanks!–
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus

More man? plague, plague!
Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them. 199

blind-worm is not venomous, but was currently believed to be so.—C. H. H.

183. *"crisp"* was formerly synonymous with *curled.* Here the word seems to be used in the sense of *arched* or *vaulted;* unless it be understood as referring to the appearance of the clouds; as in *The Tempest* we have *"curl'd* clouds," and in *King Lear "curled* waters."—H. N. H.

191. *"marbled";* eternal, enduring. The sky was conceived as a solid framework or "firmament."—C. H. H.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself, 220

202. *"infected"*; so in the original, which modern editions commonly change to *affected. Infected* probably means *poisoned* by adversity and disappointment. Timon's misanthropy was not affected or put on: it was real, though superinduced, not indigenous.—H. N. H.

215. *"bade"*; F. 1, *"bad"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"bid."*—I. G.

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed, 230
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

223. *"moss'd"*; the original has *"moist trees,"* which is strangely retained by Knight and Collier. The spelling of *moss'd* would have been *mosst;* so that scarce any misprint were easier. The words, "That have outliv'd the eagle," show *moss'd* to be the right epithet. So, in *As You Like It,* we find Orlando sleeping "under an old oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age."—H. N. H.

225. *"when"*; S. Walker conj. *"where."*—I. G.

Apem. Aye.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou 240
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable. 249
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd

243. *"Outlives incertain"*; Rowe's emendation; F. 1 reads *"Outlives: incertaine"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Out-lives: in certaine"*; Hanmer, *"Outstrips incertain"*; Capell, *"Out-vies uncertain."*—I. G.

"before" in the sense of sooner.—To have wishes *"crowned"* is to have them *completed,* to be content. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched being, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied by content.—H. N. H.

249. *"by his breath"* means by his *voice,* that is, his *suffrage.*—H. N. H.

254. *"drugs"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"drugges"*; Mason conj. *"drudges"*; Collier MS., *"dugs"*; Capell conj. MS. *"dregs"*; *"drugs"*=*"drudges."*—I. G.

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 271
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Aye, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

275–276. "Dryden has quoted two verses of *Virgil* to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee, 279
I 'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest; 290
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never 300
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised

283. *"my"*; Rowe's correction of Ff., *"thy."*—I. G.

for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Aye, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, 310 thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 320

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Aye, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant 330 thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accursed by the ass:

313. *"after his means," i. e.* "after his means were gone."—I. G.

Apem. ——"There's a medlar for thee; eat it."
Tim. "On what I hate I feed not."
Apem. "Dost hate a medlar?"
Tim. "Aye, though it look like thee."

Timon of Athens. Act 4, Scene 3.

if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defense absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will

341. *"wert thou the unicorn"*; alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy.—H. N. H.

346. *"wert thou a leopard"*; this seems to imply that the lion "bears, like the Turk, no *brother* near the throne."—H. N. H.

349. *"remotion"* seems to be used in the sense of solitary remoteness.—H. N. H.

fear to catch it, and give way: when I know
not what else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a
beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon! 369

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou
speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I 'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler dost kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I 380
shall lose a stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love
nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph, 390

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 400
Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I 'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Aye.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*]
I am quit.
Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort 410
of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and

the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Sec. Ban. True, for he bears it not about him; 420 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want. 430

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

431. *"meat"*; Theobald, *"meet"* (*i. e.* "what you ought to be"); Hanmer, *"men"*; Steevens conj. *"me,"* etc.—I. G.

432–436. *"Behold, the earth hath roots,"* etc.; *cp.* Hall's *Satires, III,* 1 (pub. 1598):—

> *"Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last,*
> *Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast,"* etc.—I. G.

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not 441
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery: 450
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,

434. *"mast"*; a term for the edible fruit of forest trees, usually applied to the beech-nut.—C. H. H.

436. *"mess"*; portion of food.—C. H. H.

440. *"thanks I must you con"*; I must be thankful to you for it.—C. H. H.

449. *"villainy"*; Rowe's correction of Ff. 1, 2, *"villaine."*—I. G.

452. *"moon"*; Theobald, *"mounds"*; Capell, *"earth"*; Tollet conj. *"main."*—I. G.

The moon is called the *moist* star in *Hamlet,* and the Poet in the last scene of *The Tempest* has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the *tides.* The *watery beams* of the moon are

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,
Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats: 460
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade. 470

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!

spoken of in *Romeo and Juliet.* The sea is therefore said to *resolve* her into *salt tears,* in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern.—H. N. H.

Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honor
Has desperate want made! 479
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee. 491

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

483. *"wish'd"*; that is, desired. *"Friends"* and *"enemies"* here mean those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*. The proverb "Defend me from my *friends*, and from my *enemies* I will defend myself," is a sufficient comment on this passage.—H. N. H.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 500
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man 510
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

509. *"dangerous nature mild";* Thirlby conj.; Ff., *"wild";* Becket conj. *"nature dangerous-wild";* Jackson conj. *"dolorous nature wild."* —I. G.

The old copy reads, "It almost turns my dangerous nature *wild.*" The emendation is Warburton's. Timon's *dangerous* nature is his *savage wildness,* a species of *frenzy* induced by the baseness and ingratitude of the world. It would be idle to talk of turning a "dangerous nature wild"; the kindness and fidelity of Timon's steward was more likely to soften and compose him; and he does indeed show himself more *mild* and gentle to Flavius in consequence, being moved by the tears of his affectionate servant.—H. N. H.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 520
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast: 530
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honor'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'ld exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery, 541
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free: 551
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? does the rumor hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity; 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum. 10

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in

"Enter Poet and Painter"; the Poet and Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. But, as Malone observes, Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if *he* and the *audience* knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.—H. N. H.

Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having. 20

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of 30 use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

34. "*Timon comes . . .*"; modern editions until Collier's make the entrance of Timon at the beginning of the act. Of course Timon, though still out of sight, has overheard the foregoing dialogue between the Poet and the Painter. It is also to be noted, that Timon continues unseen by the other speakers, and that what he says in this part of the scene is to be understood as spoken *aside.* As for what is said by Apemantus in the preceding scene,—"Yonder comes a poet and a painter," it is to be supposed that these latter, though then seen by Timon and Apemantus, did not see them. The original has no division of the acts; and the awkwardness of beginning Act v. as in modern editions was noted by Johnson; but no one has been able to hit upon a better place for the opening of it.—H. N. H.

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite 40 flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. 51
Come.

39. *"a satire"*; the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.—H. N. H.

50. *"black-corner'd"*; *i. e.* "hiding things in dark corners"; Hanmer, *"black-corneted"*; Warburton conj. *"black-cornette"*; Farmer conj. MS. *"black-coroned"*; Mason conj. *"black-crowned"*; Jackson conj. *"dark-horned"*; Singer conj. *"black-curtain'd,"* etc.—I. G.

"Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned,* alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crown'd,* and *black-cover'd.* It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd.* We have 'the blanket of the dark' in *Macbeth,* 'night's *black mantle*' in the Third Part of *King Henry VI,* and in the First Part of the same drama '*night* is fled, whose *pitchy mantle* overveil'd the earth.' I cannot think with Steevens that 'Night as obscure as a *dark corner*' is meant" (Singer).—H. N. H.

Tim. [*Aside*] I 'll meet you at the turn. What a god 's gold,
That he is worship'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plow'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.* 60
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain. Our late noble master!
Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?
Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover 70
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.
Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Aye, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you? 80
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.
Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.
Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth 91
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honor
To make it known to us.
Tim. You 'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord? 101
Tim. Aye, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he 's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me, 110
I 'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there 's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
[*To Painter*] You have work for me, there 's payment: hence! 120

115. The plain and simple meaning of this is, "where each of you is, a villain must be in his company, because you are both of you *arch villains*"; therefore a villain goes with you everywhere.—H. N. H.

120. *"You have work"*; so Ff.; Hanmer, *"You have work'd"*;

Pain. "I know none such, my lord."
Poet. "Nor I."
Tim. "Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,"

Timon of Athens. Act 5, Scene 1.

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.*

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.
First. Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.
Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand, 130
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Malone, *"You have done work"*; Steevens conj. *"You've work'd."*—I. G.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon. 143
Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
Sec. Sen. They confess 150
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;

140. *"as a cauterizing"*; Rowe's emendation; F. 1, *"as a Cantherizing"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"as a Catherizing"*; Pope, *"cauterizing"*; Capell, *"cancerizing."*—I. G.

151. *"general, gross"*: Pope's emendation of Ff., *"generall grosse"*; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, *"general-gross."*—I. G.

152. There is a good deal of grammatical confusion in this sentence, that might be remedied by changing *which* to *and*.—H. N. H.

155. *"sense . . . fail"*; the Athenians have a sense of *the danger* of their own fall [fail] by the arms of Alcibiades, by their *withholding* aid that should have been given to Timon.—H. N. H.

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offense can weigh down by the dram;
Aye, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs, 160
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I 'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild; 171
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain 180
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks
it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives
care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you
To the protection of the prosperous gods, 190
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live
still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them. 202

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath. 210

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him. 220

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion

217. *"haste"*; Pope, *"taste"*; Warburton conj. MS., *"tatch"*; Collier MS., *"halter."*—I. G.

219. This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony,* where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market place. See the Introduction.—H. N. H.

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign. [*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably 231
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;

Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

7. *"whom,"* instead of *"who,"* owing to confusion of constructions; Pope, *"Who"*; Hanmer, *"And"*; Singer, *"When,"* etc.—I. G.

8. *"made a particular force"*; Hanmer reads *"had . . . force"*; Staunton conj. *"took . . . truce"*; Bailey conj. *"had . . . force with,"* etc.—I. G.

"made"; this is perhaps an error due to the "made" in the next line. But it yields a fair sense: our old love formed a special influence which neutralized our political antagonism.—C. H. H.

Who 's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I 'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. 10
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such

3–4. These words are in all porbability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change *"read"* into *"rear'd."* The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; "some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so" (*v.* Preface).—I. G.

7. *"figure"*; handwriting.—C. H. H.

As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, 11
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means: 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess

18. *"their"*; refers to *griefs*.—H. N. H.
28. *"Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess"*; Theobald's emendation ("extreme shame for their folly in banishing you

Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread: 30
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honor else, 50
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress

hath broke their hearts"); F. 1 reads "(*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse*)"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Shame* (*that they wanted cunning in excesse*)"; Johnson conj. "*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.*"—I. G.

"*cunning*" is used in its old sense of *skill* or *wisdom*.—H. N. H.

And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads*]
'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: 70

62. *"render'd to your"*; the conj. of Chedworth, adopted by Dyce; F. 1 reads *"remedied to your"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"remedied by your"*; Pope, *"remedied by"*; Johnson, *"remedied to"*; Malone, *"remedy'd, to your"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"remitted to your."*—I. G.

70–73. What is here given as one epitaph is really a combination of two, as may be seen by the passage from North's *Plutarch* quoted in our Introduction. The reader will of course observe the

Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy gait.'
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory 80
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,

inconsistency between the two couplets, the first saying,—*"Seek not my name"*; the second,—*"Here lie I, Timon."* How the two got thus thrown together, it were vain to speculate: possibly the Poet was in doubt which to choose, and so copied them both, and then neglected to erase the one which he meant to reject. See, however, the Introduction. In the *Palace of Pleasure* the epitaph is given thus:

"My wretched catife dayes expired now and past,
My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,
In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:
My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."
—H. N. H.

The first two lines are a rendering of Timon's own epitaph; the last two were ascribed generally to the poet Callimachus. Lines 71–72 are contradictions. Both epitaphs, however, occur in close succession in the Plutarchian narrative, whence they were doubtless copied by the author without reflection.—C. H. H.

79. *"On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead"*; the reading of Ff.; Theobald reads *"On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead"*; Hanmer, *"On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead."* —I. G.

Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abhor himself, make himself abhorred; (Hanmer, *"make himself abhorr'd"*); I. i. 60.

Aches (dissyllabic); I. i. 257.

Advance, promote, raise to honor; I. ii. 181.

Affect, like, desire; I. ii. 231.

Allow'd, trusted, invested by public authority; (Warburton, *"Hallow'd"*); V. i. 169.

All to you, "all good wishes to you"; I. ii. 247.

Alteration; "a. of honor," *i. e.* change to dishonor; IV. iii. 478.

Ample, amply; I. ii. 140.

Apperil, peril; I. ii. 32.

Argument, contents; II. ii. 189.

——, subject, theme; III. iii. 20; III. v. 23.

Arms; "travers'd arms," (?) folded arms; according to others, with arms reversed; V. iv. 7.

Artificial, belonging to art, artistic; "a. strife," the strife of art to outdo nature; I. i. 37.

Atone, set at peace, put in accord; V. iv. 58.

Attend, await; III. v. 102.

Attends, awaits; I. ii. 164.

Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 164.

Bans, curses; IV. i. 34.

Beagles, a small sort of dog; used of servile followers; IV. iii. 175.

Bear, bear off; I. i. 131.

Becks, nods; I. ii. 251.

Behave, govern; III. v. 22.

Beneath, lower, below; I. i. 44.

Best, that which can be most depended upon; (S. Walker conj. *"last"*); III. iii. 37.

Blains, botches; IV. i. 28.

Blood, temper; (Johnson conj. *"mood"*); IV. ii. 38.

Bound, bank, boundary; I. i. 25.

Brain's flow, tears; (Hanmer, *"brine's flow"*); V. iv. 76.

Breath, voice; IV. iii. 249.

Breathe, utter; III. v. 32.

Breathed, trained; ("inured to constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied; To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him for the course"); I. i. 10.

Bring, conduct; V. i. 126.

Bruise, crush, destroy; III. v. 4.

Bruit, rumor; V. i. 200.

By, according to; I. i. 171.

By mercy, (?) by your leave; III. v. 55.

Candied, congealed; IV. iii. 226.

Cap, top, principal; IV. iii. 367.

Carper, censurer; IV. iii. 209.

Caudle, serve as a caudle, refresh; IV. iii. 226.

Ceased, stopped, silenced; II. i. 16.

CHARACTER, writing; V. iii. 6.
CHARGE, commission; III. iv. 25.
CHARITABLE; "ch. title," *i. e.* title of endearment; I. ii. 95.
CHEERLY, cheerfully; II. ii. 225.
CLEAR, pure; IV. iii. 27.
CLOSE, (?) closely; IV. iii. 398.
COCK; "wasteful c.," (v. Note); II. ii. 173.
COG, deceive; V. i. 98.
COIL, ado, confusion; I. ii. 250.
COLD-MOVING, distant; II. ii. 223.
COMES OFF WELL, *i. e.* is well done; I. i. 29.
COMFORTABLE, comforting; IV. iii. 508.
COMPOSTURE, compost; IV. iii. 456.
COMPT; "in c.", *i. e.* for the computation of the interest due; (Ff., *"in. Come"*; Hanmer, *"in "count";* Keightley conj. *"in mind"*); II. i. 34.
CONCEPTIOUS, fruitful; IV. iii. 187.
CONDITION, (?) art; (perhaps *"would be well express'd in our c.,"*="would find a striking parallel in our state," Schmidt); I. i. 77.
CONDITIONS, inclinations (perhaps="vocations"); IV. iii. 139.
CONFECTIONARY, store for sweets; IV. iii. 260.
CONFOUND, destroy; IV. iii. 342.
CONFOUNDING, causing ruin; IV. i. 20.
CONFOUNDING, ruinous; IV. iii. 402.
CONFUSION, destruction; IV. iii. 327.
——, ruin; V. iv. 52.
CON THANKS, be thankful; IV. iii. 440.
CONTINUATE, continual; I. i. 11.
CONTRARIES, contrarieties; IV. i. 20.
CONVERT, turn; IV. i. 7.
CORINTH, a cant name for a brothel; II. ii. 73.
COUCH'D; "are c.," lie low, have disappeared; II. ii. 183.
COUNTERFEIT, portrait, likeness; V. i. 87.
COURAGE, disposition; III. iii. 24.
CROWN'D, glorified; II. ii. 192.
CUNNING, profession; IV. iii. 209.
CURIOSITY; scrupulousness, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.

DATE-BROKE, date-broken; (Ff., *"debt, broken"*; Malone, *"date-broken"*); II. ii. 38.
DEAR, used intensively; IV. iii. 392.
DEAR, extreme, desperate; V. i. 235.
DEAREST, utmost; I. i. 124.
DEDICATED; "a d. beggar to the air," *i. e.* a beggar dedicated to the air; IV. ii. 13.
DEED OF SAYING, doing what one promises; (Pope reads *"deed"*); V. i. 30.
DEFILED, used with a play upon *"pitch'd"* (suggestive of "pitch that doth defile," *cp.* 1 Henry IV., II. iv. 415); I. ii. 243.
DEPART, part; I. i. 264.
DEPRAVED, slandered; I. ii. 149.
DEPRAVES, slanders; I. ii. 149.
DESERTS; "all d.," *i. e.* all kinds of men; I. i. 65.
DICH, a corruption of *"do it,"* due to the phrase *"d'it yẽ"* (the *y* palatalising the *t*); I. ii. 74.
DISCHARGED, paid; II. ii. 12.
DISCOVERY, disclosing; V. i. 40.
DISFURNISH, deprive of means; III. ii. 52.

Dispraise, disparagement; I. i. 165.
Dividant, divided; IV. iii. 5.
Doit, the smallest coin, a trifle; I. i. 217.
Doubt, fear; I. ii. 163.
Doubtfully, ambiguously; IV. iii. 121.
Draught, sink; V. i. 109.

Earnest, earnest money, a part paid beforehand as a pledge; IV. iii. 47.
Embossed, tumid, swollen; V. i. 224.
Entertain, use, employ; IV. iii. 506.
Ever, always; (Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"very"*); I. ii. 29.
Exceptless, making no exception; IV. iii. 512.

Fail, offense; (Capell's reading; Ff., *"fall"*; Hanmer, *"fault"*); V. i. 155.
Fall; "at f.," at a low ebb; II. ii. 216.
Falling-from, falling off; (Pope, *"falling off"*); IV. iii. 412.
Fang, seize with teeth; IV. iii. 23.
Fate, evil destiny; (Warburton conj. *"fault"*); III. v. 14.
Feeders, parasites; II. ii. 170.
Fees, property; (Warburton conj. *"foes"*; Singer, *"lees"*); III. vi. 91.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 18.
Fierce, excessive; IV. ii. 30.
Files, ranks of soldiers; V. ii. 1.
Flamen, priest; IV. iii. 155.
Flood, sea, ocean; V. i. 223.
Flush, in its full vigor; V. iv. 8.
Fond, foolish; I. ii. 66.
For, because; III. v. 80.
——, of; V. i. 12.
Forth on, onward; I. i. 49.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 22.
Fractions, broken sentences; II. ii. 222.
Frame, plan; IV. iii. 262.
Framed, moulded, shaped; V. i. 130.
Frankly, as frankly, as freely; II. ii. 190.
Free, liberal; II. ii. 244.
From, from among; I. ii. 96.
——, away from; IV. iii. 543.

German, akin; IV. iii. 347.
Girdlest in, dost surround; (Ff., *"girdles"*); IV. i. 2.
Give out, profess to be; I. i. 160.
Glass-faced, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of his patron; I. i. 58.
Good, real; II. ii. 237.
Good even, the common form of salutation after noon; II. ii. 9.
Gorge; "cast the g. at," vomit; IV. iii. 40.
Gramercies, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
Grave, bury; IV. iii. 166.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 14.
Grise, step; IV. iii. 16.
Grows, grows older; (Theobald, *"goes"*); I. i. 3.
Gules, the heraldic term for red; IV. iii. 59.
Gull, properly, an unfledged nestling, here used with play upon this and secondary sense:—*dupe;* II. i. 31.
Gust, taste, relish; III. v. 54.

Habit, exterior; IV. iii. 113.
Half-caps, caps half taken off, slight salutations; II. ii. 223.
Hap, chance, luck; III. ii. 29.
Hard in, hardened to; IV. iii. 269.

HARNESS, armor; I. ii. 54.
HAVING, possessions; II. ii. 155.
HEART; "in h.," heartily; *i. e.* I drink to you with all my heart, heartily; (Gould conj. *"your health"*); I. ii. 55.
HEAVEN, salvation (here = good advice; according to others, "the pleasure of being flattered"); I. ii. 269.
HEW TO, shape by cutting; (Daniel conj. *"hew out"*); V. iv. 46.
HINGE, bend; IV. iii. 211.
HIS, its; I. i. 31.
HOAR, make rotten; IV. iii. 155.
HOLD, continue; II. i. 12.
HOLD TAKING, bear handling; I. ii. 163.
HONESTY, liberality, bounty; III. i. 32.
HORRID, dreadful; V. iv. 13.
HOY-DAY, hey-day; I. ii. 141.
HUMOR, caprice; (Ff. 1, 2, *"humors"*); III. vi. 124.
HUNGERLY, hungrily; I. i. 262.
HUSBANDRY, good management, economy; II. ii. 166.
HYPERION, the God of the Sun; IV. iii. 184.

IDLE, trifling; I. ii. 164.
——, foolish; IV. iii. 27.
IMPORTUNACY, importunity; II. ii. 42.
INCERTAIN, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
INCONTINENT, inconstant, unchaste; IV. i. 3.
INFECTED, diseased; (Rowe, *affected"*); IV. iii. 202.
INFERR'D, alleged; III. v. 73.
INFINITE, (?) numberless; (Grant White conj. *"infectious"*); III. vi. 111.
INFLUENCE (used in the astrological sense); V. i. 69.
INGENIOUSLY, ingenuously, frankly; II. ii. 232.
INGRATEFUL, ungrateful; IV. ii. 45.
INNOCENCE, (?) want of spirit; (perhaps used ironically); I. i. 199.
INTENDING, pretending; II. ii. 221.
IRA FUROR BREVIS EST, anger is a brief madness; I. ii. 28.
IT, its; V. i. 155.

KEEP HIS HOUSE, remain within the house; III. iii. 43.

LAG, lowest class; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"legge"*; Anon *ap.* Rann conj. *"tag"*); III. vi. 92.
LATE, lately; II. i. 1.
LAY FOR, venture for, strive to win; III. v. 115.
LEAK'D, leaky; IV. ii. 19.
LEECH, physician; V. iv. 84.
LEGS, used with play upon (i) limbs, (ii) bowing; I. ii. 252.
LENGTH; "at l.", at last; II. ii. 160.
LEVEL'D, aimed; I. i. 47.
LIBERTY, licentiousness; IV. i. 25.
LIMITED, circumscribed, confined within bounds; IV. iii. 443.
LINED, stuffed; IV. i. 14.
LIVELY, to the life; V. i. 89.
LOADEN, loaded, laden; III. v. 50.

MADE-UP, complete, perfect; V. i. 105.
MAKE, do; III. v. 46.
MANY, many of; III. vi. 11.
MARROW, vigor; V. iv. 9.
MEAN; "mean eyes", *i. e.* eyes of inferiors; (Theobald conj. *"men's"*); I. i. 93.
MEANS, power, wealth; V. iv. 20.

MEDDLER, used with quibble upon *"medlar"*; IV. iii. 309.
MEDLAR, a kind of fruit; IV. iii. 305.
MEED, merit; I. i. 288.
MEN, human beings; IV. iii. 543.
MERELY, absolutely; IV. i. 32.
MIND, magnanimity; I. ii. 174.
MINION, favorite, darling; IV. iii. 80.
MINUTE-JACKS, time-servers; (with perhaps an allusion to "Jacks-of-the-clock," figures that struck the bell in old clocks); III. vi. 110.
MISANTHROPOS, hater of mankind; (F. 1, *"misantropos"*); IV. iii. 53.
MOE, more; I. i. 41.
MONSTROUS, unnatural; V. i. 95.
MOSS'D, overgrown with moss; (Ff. 1, 2, *"moyst"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"moist"*); IV. iii. 223.
MOTIVES, authors; V. iv. 27.
MULTIPLYING, increasing; IV. i. 34.
MYSTERIES, trades, professions; IV. i. 18.

NATURAL, used probably in double sense, (i) genuine, (ii) a fool; V. i. 92.
NATURE, necessities of nature; IV. iii. 231.
NEAR, nearly; I. ii. 189.
NEIGHBOR, neighboring; IV. iii. 94.

OBJECTS, things presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way; IV. iii. 122.
OCCASION, necessity; III. ii. 27.
OCCASIONS, engagements; III. vi. 11.
OFFICES, apartments where food was prepared; II. ii. 169.
ON, at; I. i. 141.
——, in; IV. iii. 101.
OPE, open; V. iv. 47.
OPERANT, active; IV. iii. 25.
OPULENCY, opulence, riches; V. i. 41.
ORT, remnant; IV. iii. 410.
OUT, without, outside; IV. i. 38.
OUTGOES, exceeds; I. i. 285.
OWED; "o. to you", held at your service; I. i. 151.

PACK, be off; V. i. 119.
PAGE, follow like a page; IV. iii. 224.
PAINFULLY; "thou hast p. discovered;" *i. e.* "thou hast to our distress discovered"; V. ii. 1.
PAPER, bonds, deeds; (Warburton, *"proper"*; Hanmer *"perpetuum"*; Kinnear conj. *"person"*; Becket conj. *"pauper"*); I. ii. 262.
PART, particular business; (S. Walker conj. *"pact"*); V. i. 127.
——, side, part; "in general p.," "in the public cause"; V. ii. 7.
——, depart; IV. ii. 21.
PARTICULAR, personal advantage; IV. iii. 159.
PARTICULARLY; "halts not p.," does not stop at particular persons; I. i. 46.
PARTS, endowments, qualities; II. ii. 23.
——, virtues; III. v. 76.
PASSES, surpasses; (Jackson conj. *"surpasses"*); I. i. 12.
PASSION, violent emotion; III. i. 62.
PATCHERY, "botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy"; V. i. 103.
PAWN, pledge; I. i. 147.
PERFECT; "for ever p.," "arrived

at the perfection of happiness"; I. ii. 90.

Perfection, highest excellence; (?) "perfect image"; III. vi. 103.

Perfumes; "diseased p."="diseased perfumed mistresses"; IV. iii. 207.

Periods, puts an end to; I. i. 99.

Personating, representing; V. i. 38.

Pill, pillage, plunder; IV. i. 12.

Plain-dealing, an allusion to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars"; I. i. 216.

Ports, gates; V. iv. 55.

Prefer, show, lay before; III. v. 34.

Preferr'd, showed, presented; III. iv. 49.

Present; "p. slaves," *i. e.* immediate slaves; (S. Walker conj. *"peasant slaves"*); I. i. 71.

Presentment; "upon the heels of my p.," "as soon as my book has been presented to its patron"; I. i. 27.

Proof, test; II. ii. 168.

——, resisting power; IV. iii. 124.

Properties, makes the property of; I. i. 57.

Prosperous, favorable; V. i. 190.

Protest, vow; IV. iii. 449.

Purposes, plans, intentions; V. i. 18.

Pursy, "fat and short-winded"; V. iv. 12.

Push, pshaw!; (Theobald, *"Psha"*; Hanmer, *"Pish"*); III. vi. 121.

Quick, living; IV. iii. 44.

Quillets, nice, subtle distinctions; IV. iii. 155.

Quit, rid of you; IV. iii. 408.

Quittance, requital; I. i. 291.

Rag, shabby, beggarly person; IV. iii. 271.

Rampired, barricaded; V. iv. 47.

Rank'd, crowded; I. i. 65.

Rapt, beside myself; V. i. 70.

Rarely, admirably, excellently; IV. iii. 482.

Recoverable, possible to be brought back to a better condition; III. iv. 13.

Regardfully, respectfully; IV. iii. 81.

Remembrance; "better r.," *i. e.* remembrance of better things; III. vi. 52.

Remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.

Remotion, non-appearance, absence; (Grant White conj. *"motion"*); IV. iii. 349.

Render, statement, confession; V. i. 156.

Render back, give back; IV. i. 9.

Render'd, surrendered, given up; V. iv. 62.

Repugnancy, resistance; III. v. 45.

Requite, repay; IV. iii. 539.

Resort; "her r.," to visit her; I. i. 127.

Respect; "in r. of his," in proportion to what he possesses; III. ii. 85.

Respectively, regardfully; III. i. 9.

Restraining, withholding; V. i. 155.

Resumes, assumes; II. ii. 4.

Retentive, restraining; III. iv. 82.

Rother's, ox's; (Singer's reading, adopted by Collier; Ff., *"Brothers"*; Rowe, *"beggar's"*;

Warburton, *"weather's"*; Farmer conj. *"broader"*; etc.); IV. iii. 12.

ROTTEN, corrupted; IV. iii. 2.

ROUND, plain, straight-forward; II. ii. 8.

SACRIFICIAL, full of devotion as to a God; I. i. 81.

SALT, wanton; IV. iii. 85.

SANS, without; IV. iii. 122.

SCOPE; "conceived to s.," *i. e.* "imagined, appositely, to the purpose"; (Ff., *"conceyu'd, to scope"*; Theobald, *"conceiv'd to th' scope"*); I. i. 72.

SECURE THY HEART, be reassured; II. ii. 187.

SEEN; "is my lord s. yet," *i. e.* to be seen; III. iv. 9.

SEMBLABLE, like; IV. iii. 20.

SEQUENCE, succession; "s. of degree"; according to their rank; V. i. 215.

SET; "s. so only to himself," *i. e.* "wrapt up in self-contemplation"; V. i. 124.

SET HIM CLEAR, make him appear innocent; III. iii. 31.

SET ME ON, put me to; II. ii. 168.

SHALL'S, shall us = shall we; IV. iii. 418.

SINNER, a cause of sin; I. ii. 60.

SMOOTH'D, flattered; IV. iii. 17.

SO, if only; V. iv. 48.

SOLIDARES, small pieces of money; III. i. 49.

SOMETHING, somewhat; IV. iii. 55.

SOUR, bitter; (Rowe's emendation; Ff., *"four"*; S. Walker conj. *"your"*); V. i. 227.

SPILTH, spilling; II. ii. 171.

SPIRIT, anger, wrath; III. v. 102.

SPITAL-HOUSE, hospital; IV. iii. 39.

SQUARE, suitable; V. iv. 36.

STARVE, paralyze; (Ff. 1, 2, *"sterue"*); I. i. 257.

STATES, estates; I. i. 67.

STILL, always, continually; II. i. 11; IV. iii. 531.

STINT, stop; V. iv. 83.

STOUT, strong; IV. iii. 32.

STRAIN, race; I. i. 259.

——, quality; IV. iii. 213.

STRAIT, strict; I. i. 96.

STRANGE, unacquainted; IV. iii. 56.

STRIFE, emulation; I. i. 37.

SUFFERANCE, suffering, misery; IV. iii. 268.

SUSPECT, suspicion; IV. iii. 529.

SWATH; "first s.," earliest infancy, swaddling clothes; IV. iii. 252.

TAKE, make; V. i. 217.

TENDANCE, persons attending, waiting his pleasure; I. i. 80.

THAT, would that; IV. iii. 281.

TIME'S FLIES, "flies of a season"; III. vi. 109.

TIRING, busy; III. vi. 4.

TO; "call to you," *i. e.* call on you; I. ii. 232.

TOLD, counted; III. v. 107.

TOUCH, touchstone; IV. iii. 400.

TOUCH; "t. the estimate," pay the price at which it is estimated; I. i. 14.

TOUCH'D, tested with the touchstone; III. iii. 6.

TOWARD, at hand; III. vi. 68.

TOWARDLY, docile; III. i. 38.

TRACT, track, trace; I. i. 50.

TRAVERSED, crossed, folded, (?) reversed; V. iv. 7.

TRUE, honest; IV. iii. 473.

TRUMP, trumpet; I. ii. 124.
TRY, trial; V. i. 12.

UNAGREEABLE, unsuitable; II. ii. 41.
UNBOLT, reveal, explain; I. i. 51.
UNCHARGED, unassailed; V. iv. 55.
UNCLEW, undo, ruin; I. i. 168.
UNCTUOUS, oily; IV. iii. 195.
UNDER; "u. praise," by being praised so much; (not *"under-praise"* as the jeweler understands it); I. i. 165.
UNDER, under pretense of; III. iii. 34.
UNDERGO, undertake; III. v. 24.
UNMATCHED, matchless; IV. iii. 533.
UNNOTED, (?) imperceptible; (perhaps = undemonstrative); III. v. 21.
UNPEACEABLE, quarrelsome; (Collier MS., *"unappeasable"*); I. i. 280.
UNREMOVABLY, fixedly; V. i. 231.
UNTIRABLE, untiring, indefatigable; I. i. 11.
USE, customary; I. i. 291.
USES, necessities; II. i. 20.

VANTAGES, opportunities; II. ii. 140.
VIRTUOUS, "caused by his virtue"; (?) strong, forcible; III. ii. 47.
VISITATIONS, visits; I. ii. 235.
VOICED, proclaimed; IV. iii. 81.
VOID, emit; I. ii. 147.
VOTARIST, votary; IV. iii. 27.

WAFTS, beckons; I. i. 70.
WAPPEN'D, beaten, worn out, stale; IV. iii. 38.
WARDS, bars, bolts; III. iii. 39.
WARM, heated to a moderate degree; IV. iii. 223.
WHITTLE, small clasp-knife; V. i. 187.
WILLING, willingly; III. vi. 32.
WINDOW-BARS, cross-bar lacing of the bodice; IV. iii. 116.
WITCH, bewitch; V. i. 162.
WITHOUT, outside; V. iv. 39.
WREAKFUL, revengeful; IV. iii. 229.

YET, still; IV. ii. 17.
YIELD, grant; I. ii. 207.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What was the date of the first edition of this play? Is it a tragedy or a comedy?

2. Give some instances of passages whose authorship is doubtful. What is the general supposition as to the composition of the play?

3. Give one source of the play. What is the duration of action? Is it a good acting play?

4. What is the character of Timon and of the play? What place does this play occupy among Shakespeare's works?

ACT I

5. What is Shakespeare's object in introducing such characters as the Poet and the Painter in the opening scene?

6. Cite a portion of the Poet's character-delineation of Timon, in which the reader is prepared for subsequent events.

7. What is the meaning of "it tutors nature" in scene i?

8. What contribution to the play is made by the petition of Ventidius and the protestation of the Old Athenian?

9. What are we led to suppose is Apemantus' attitude towards life, judging from his first remark in scene i?

10. In scene ii what are the contrasting elements of the remarks made by the leading speakers?

ACT II

11. What does scene i foretell?

12. Comment upon the demeanor of the various creditors' servants towards Timon. Do they reflect the attitude of their respective masters?

13. Explain the irrelevance of the Fool's saying "Here comes *my mistress'* page."

14. Has Timon ever received a forewarning of his low state of fortune? If so, by whom?

ACT III

15. What last expedient does Timon adopt to raise money?

16. What inconsistency of conduct is Lucius guilty of, in scene ii?

17. Is Sempronius' reason for refusing to loan Timon money a sincere one?

18. What is the meaning of " 'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse"?

19. Which scene in this act reveals a noticeable change in Timon's disposition?

20. Is the name of Alcibiades' friend (for whom he pleads in scene v) given, elsewhere, in the play?

21. What famous plea for mercy in one of Shakespeare's plays, does this petition (scene v) of Alcibiades remind us?

22. What sentence does the Senate impose upon Alcibiades and how does he make use of it?

23. Interpret the hypocrisy of the various creditors (scene vi) inasmuch as it relates to the plot.

24. How do Timon's final words at the banquet furnish a key to the transformation of his whole life?

25. Describe the banquet (scene vi) and comment on its dramatic value.

ACT IV

26. Is there any question of Timon's sanity in his passionate discourse against Athens?

27. What is his prayer to the gods in his own behalf (scene i)?

28. What metaphor is used by the Third Servant to depict the shattered fortunes of Timon's house?

29. What is Timon searching for in scene iii, and what does he dig up, by accident?

30. What appeal does the gold make to Timon?

31. Note the companions of Alcibiades: what hint does this give the reader of the customs of the time?

32. What common ground of sympathy have Timon and Alcibiades?

33. For what purpose does Timon give Alcibiades money?

34. What is the dramatic value of the conversation between Timon and the mistresses of Alcibiades?

35. What is the meaning of Timon's wild address to nature?

36. Explain Timon's words "Why should'st thou hate men? They never flatter'd thee" (scene iii).

37. In the dialogue between Timon and Apemantus (scene iii) which one of the characters does Shakespeare prove to be a sham misanthrope?

38. What place does Timon choose for his grave? Does he welcome death?

39. Elucidate his apostrophe to *gold.* (line 385 *et seq.*)

40. What does Timon advise the Banditti to eat?

41. Explain the words "there is boundless theft in limited professions."

42. With what sentiments does Timon accompany his gift of gold to the Banditti?

43. How does Timon show his utter loss of faith in mankind in his reception of Flavius?

44. What condition does Timon make when he enriches Flavius? Comment on his words "live rich and happy."

ACT V

45. Compare scene i with Act I, scene i, and comment upon the similarity.

46. To what influence do you ascribe Timon's use of the elements (i. e., *the sun*, line 138, scene i) in his curses?

47. What office is tendered Timon by the Athenian Senators and why?

48. What eccentric proposition does Timon make in reply to the Senators? Is this irony or insanity?

49. Does scene ii answer the purpose of providing the reader with additional proof of Timon's true value to the state?

50. Comment on the authenticity of scene iii.

51. What character does Alcibiades give to the city of Athens (scene iv)?

52. How do the Senators convince Alcibiades that he has been in the wrong in waging war against the entire city?

53. What is the compromise finally effected?

54. What has been the controversy, among critics, regarding the epitaph on Timon's grave? What two lines of the epitaph contradict each other? Which one of the couplets is the one usually accepted?

55. Why is the epitaph an appropriate one?

56. How does Timon suggest Coriolanus?

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Coriolanus was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1–30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of November 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus;* [1] general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests [2] point to 1608–1610 as the most probable years.

[1] The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (Act III. scene ii. line 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date; for in 1609 the king made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silkworms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

[2] The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in *Macbeth*), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony;* 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus;* 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline;* 42 and 25 in *The Tempest;* 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale.* All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Coriolanus was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens*, and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; *e.g.* in Act II, sc. iii, ll. 257–258, the folio reads:—

> "And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
> Was his great Ancestor";

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

> "[And *Censorinus that was so surnamed,*]
> And nobly named so, *twice* being *Censor*";

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

> "Should we be silent *and not speak, our raiment*
> *And state of bodies would bewray what life*
> *We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself*
> *How more unfortunate than all living women*
> *Are we come hither*";

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace

(my son) and determined *not* to *speak*, the *state of* our poor *bodies*, and present sight of *our raiment, would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think* how *with thyself, how* much *more unfortunately* [1] *than all* the *women living we are come hither.*" The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr. George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

[1] "*Unfortunately*" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "*unfortunate*" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide* Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch,* Introduction.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. ii. *Interval.*
Day 3. Act I, sc. iii to x. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act II, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act II, sc. ii to Act IV, sc. ii.
Day 6. Act IV, sc. iii.
Day 7. Act IV, sc. iv and v. *Interval.*
Day 8. Act IV, sc. vi. *Interval.*
Day 9. Act IV, sc. vii. *Interval.*
Day 10. Act V, sc. i–v.—*Interval.*
Day 11. Act V, sc vi.

The actual Historical time represented in this play "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A.U.C. 266" (*vide New Shak. Soc. Translations*, 1877).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The three great Roman plays, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, made their first appearance in the folio of 1623, having been entered at the Stationers' in November of that year among the copies "not formerly entered to other men." This entry was to Edward Blount and Isaac Jaggard, the publishers of the original edition. It may be worth the while to observe here, that the words "not entered to *other* men" do not necessarily infer but that some of the plays in question may have been formerly entered to the *same* men, or to one of the same; as there is some reason for thinking that *Antony and Cleopatra* had been entered to Blount as early as 1608.

The historical matter of these three superb dramas appears to have been drawn almost entirely from Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, as set forth in the spirited and racy version of Sir Thomas North, which first came out in 1579, and went to a second edition in 1595. North's translation was avowedly made from the French of James Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre. It is as fine a specimen of robust and manly English as one need desire to see, and has the smack of an original work as strongly perhaps as any translation ever made into the same tongue. The book, though very large in size and very high in price, went through as many at least as five editions before 1632; which proves it to have been exceedingly popular, as indeed it had every right to be.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus stands the second in the division of tragedies, as originally published: the acts are

regularly marked, but not the scenes; the stage-directions are remarkably full and complete; while the text, though very well printed in the main, has perhaps a large number of difficult and seemingly-corrupt readings, than any other play in the volume. Some of these readings have hitherto baffled and nonplussed all the resources of editorial ingenuity and learning. Several of them, however, have, we think, at length been greatly relieved, if not entirely removed, by the help of the manuscript corrections lately discovered by Mr. Collier in a copy of the second folio; which presents a greater number of valuable new readings in this play than in any other where we have thus far consulted it. Several important corrections from this source we have adopted with little hesitation, and some with none; not indeed from any *authority* which they may be supposed to carry, but from what seems to us their intrinsic fitness and propriety.

As to the date of the writing of *Coriolanus,* we have no external evidence whatsoever. The internal evidence of meter, diction, and temper refers it the Poet's latest period of composition. In all the qualities of style and versification, it clearly falls into the same class with *The Tempest, The Winter's Tale,* and *King Henry VIII,* being as nearly like them as the difference of the subject-matter would readily admit. Malone, accordingly, assigns the year 1610 as the probable date of the writing. We should be strongly inclined to place it some three or four years later, partly from the cast and texture of the workmanship itself, and partly from the tradition, that Shakespeare continued to write for the stage after his retirement to Stratford. The most, however, that we can affirm with any great degree of confidence is, that *Coriolanus* was written somewhere between 1610 and the time of the Poet's death, which, as every reader ought to know, took place in April, 1616.

The more rigid and sceptical researches of our time have made great invasions upon the history of early Rome, as heretofore received, and some have even gone so far as to

question whether the whole story of Coriolanus were not a fiction. We mention this neither for the purpose of endorsing nor of opposing it; but merely as giving occasion for stating that it was a question with which the Poet had nothing to do, and did nowise concern himself. Like others of his time, he was content to take the rambling and credulous, but lively and graphic narratives of old Plutarch as veritable and authentic history. And he would have been every way justifiable in doing this, even if the later arts of historical doubting and sifting, together with the results thereof, had been at his command. For his business as an artist was, to set forth a free and lifelike portraiture of human character as modified by the old Roman nationality, and clothed with the drapery of the old Roman manners. Here, then, the garrulous and gossipping old story-teller of Cheronea was just the man for him; since it will hardly be questioned that his tales, whether half legendary or not, are replete with the spirit and life of the times and places to which they refer. The Poet would have made sorry work indeed, had he used, like our modern historical abstractionists, the methods of cross-questioning all his matter, and so proceeded by receiving nothing as true to life but what make good its ground against him as fact.

The events of the drama now in hand, as related by Plutarch, extend over a period of about four years, beginning with the popular secession of Mons Sacer in the 262d year of Rome, and ending with the hero's death, in the 266th. Our abstract from the history includes nearly all the matter used by the Poet, and is made, as far as practicable, in the very words of the old translator; our aim being, to give a faithful showing of what the Poet borrowed, so that the reader may justly estimate both his obligations and his additions.

After relating the popular insurrection with which the play opens, the founding of the Tribunitian office, and the appointment of the first Tribunes, the narrative goes on substantially as follows:

Hereupon the city being grown again to good quiet and unity, the people went to the wars, showing that they had a good will to do better than ever. Marcius also, though it liked him nothing to see the greatness of the people thus increased, did persuade the Patricians to show themselves no less forward to fight for their country than the common people were, and to let them know by their deeds, that they did not so much pass the people in power and riches as in true nobility and valiantness. In the country of the Volsces, with whom the Romans were then at war, there was a principal city called Corioli, against which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore the other Volsces, fearing lest the city should be taken by assault, came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to make an onset on them in two several places. The Consul, understanding this, divided his army into two parts, and, taking one part with himself, marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part he left in the camp with Titus Lartius, to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Volsces, making small account of them that lay before the city, made a sally upon them, in which at the first they had the better, and drave the Romans back into their trenches. But Marcius, running out of the camp with a few men, slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight, with a loud voice. Then there flocked about him a great number of Romans, so that the enemies presently gave back: but he, not staying so, did chase them to the gates; and there, perceiving that the Romans retired, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city; and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture to follow the flying enemies; he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that fortune had opened the gates more for the followers than the fliers. Notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him.

Howbeit, he thrust himself into the gates of the city amongst them that fled, not one of them daring at the first to turn upon him, or offer to stay him. But he, seeing that he was in the city with very few men to help him, and that his enemies gathered about him to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, making a lane through the midst of them, and overthrowing those he layed at; that some he made run to the farthest part of the city, and others he made yield themselves and let fall their weapons before him. By this means he got out, and had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city.

The city being thus taken, most of the soldiers forthwith went to looking after spoils; whereupon Marcius, being very angry, cried out to them that they should leave spoiling, and wind themselves out of peril: howbeit, say to them what he could, very few would hearken to him. Wherefore, taking those that willingly offered themselves, he went out of the city toward that part where the rest of the army was, exhorting them by the way not to be faint-hearted; and, oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious unto him, that he might come in a good hour to hazard his life in defense of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when put in battle array, had a custom to make their wills at that instant, without any manner of writing, only naming their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Marcius came just while the soldiers were doing after that sort, and the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him all bloody and in a sweat, with few men following him, some began to be afraid; but, soon after, seeing him run with a lively cheer to the Consul and take him by the hand, then they all began to call upon the Consul to give charge upon the enemy. Marcius asked him how the order of the enemies' battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made answer, that he thought the bands in their

vanward were the Antiates, whom they esteemed their warlikest men. Then prayed Marcius to be set directly against them; which the Consul granted, greatly praising his courage. When both armies came almost to join, Marcius advanced a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vanward, that they could no longer stand in his hands. But the two wings turned one to the other, to compass him in between; which the Consul perceiving sent thither of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvelous bloody about Marcius, and in a short space many were slain in the place: but in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies, broke their array, and made them fly. Then they prayed Marcius that he would retire into the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the pains he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had on him. But he answered, that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted; and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown.

The next morning, Marcius went to the Consul, and the other Romans with him. There the Consul, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army gave thanks to the gods for so great and glorious a victory; then spake to Marcius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, and willed him that he should choose out of all the horses and all the goods, they had taken, ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to the others. Besides this, he gave him testimony that he had won the prize of prowess above all others, a goodly horse, with a caparison and all furniture to him; which the whole army beholding did marvelously commend. But Marcius, stepping forth, told the Consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his general's commendation; and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honorable recompense,

he would none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Then the soldiers, hearing his words, made a marvelous great shout among them; and there were more that wondered at his abstinence, than there were that highly extolled his valiantness. After the noise was somewhat appeased, the Consul began to speak in this sort: "We cannot compel Marcius to take these gifts we offer him, but we will give him such a reward as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called CORIOLANUS, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination." And so, ever since, he still bare the third name of Coriolanus.

When this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection upon the people's misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former sedition; and because most of the arable land had become heathy and barren for lack of plowing, by reason of their wars. Now those busy prattlers, perceiving that there was great scarcity of corn in the city, and that though there had been plenty, the common people had no money to buy it, spread abroad false tales against Nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had procured the extreme dearth among them. The people being set on a broil by these words, Marcius, who was now grown to great credit with the noblest men of Rome, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes. Then, taking his friends, and such as he could intreat to go with him, he did run certain forays into the dominion of the Antiates, where he met with great plenty of corn, and had a marvelous great spoil, which he brought away, and reserved nothing to himself. Afterwards, the home-tarriers and house-doves began to repent that it was not their hap to go with him, and so envied them that had sped so well, and also, of malice to Marcius, spited to see his credit increase more and more, because they accounted him a great hinderer of the people.

Shortly after this, Marcius stood for the Consulship; and the common people favored his suit, thinking it would be a shame to deny and refuse the chiefest man of noble blood, and especially him that had done so great service to the commonwealth. The custom of Rome was, at that time, that such as did sue for any office should for certain days before be in the market-place, with a poor gown on their backs, to pray the citizens to remember them at the election. Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars: so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed to refuse so valiant a man; and one said to another, we must needs choose him, there is no remedy. But when the day of election was come, and Marcius came to the market-place, accompanied with all the Senate and Nobility, who sought to make him Consul with the greatest entreaty they ever attempted for any man; then the love and good will of the common people turned to hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office into his hands, as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Wherefore they refused him in the end, and made two others Consuls. The Senate did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Marcius; but he took it in far worse part than the Senate, and was out of all patience.

Meanwhile there came great plenty of corn to Rome, part of it being bought in Italy, the rest given by Gelon tyrant of Syracuse; so that many stood in great hope that, the dearth being holpen, the civil dissension would cease. The Senate sat in counsel upon it immediately; the common people also stood about the palace, gaping what would fall out, persuading themselves that the corn they had bought should be sold good cheap, and that which had been given should be divided by the poll, without paying a penny; and the rather, because certain of the Senators did wish the same. But Marcius did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratify the people therein,

calling them people-pleasers and traitors to the Nobility. He said that they who counseled that the corn should be given out to the people *gratis*, as they used to do in the cities of Greece where the people had more absolute power, did but nourish their disobedience, which would break out in the end to the utter ruin of the state. For they will not think it done in recompense of their service, since they have so oft refused to go to the wars; nor for their mutinies when they went; nor for the accusations which they have received against the Senate: but they will rather judge that we grant them this as standing in fear of them, and glad to flatter them every way. Therefore it were a great folly for us, methinks, to do it; yea, we should, if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of division in the city.

Marcius, dilating the matter with many such reasons, won all the young men and almost all the rich to his opinion; insomuch as they rang it out that he was the only man in the city, who stood out against the people, and never flattered them. The Tribunes, when they saw that the opinion of Marcius was confirmed by the more voices, left the Senate, and went down to the people, crying out for help. The words of Marcius being openly reported, the people so stomached them, that in their fury they were ready to fly upon the whole Senate. But the Tribunes laid all the fault upon Marcius, and sent their sergeants to arrest him. He stoutly withstood these officers; whereupon the Tribunes, accompanied with the Ædiles, went to fetch him by force, and so laid violent hands on him: howbeit, the Patricians, gathering about him, made them give back, and laid sore upon the Ædiles; so for that time the night parted them. The next morning the Consuls, seeing the people in an uproar, were afraid lest all the city would together by the ears: wherefore, assembling the Senate in all haste, they declared how it stood them upon to appease the fury of the people with some gentle words or grateful decrees in their favor. The most of the Senators

present thinking this opinion best, and giving their consents unto it, the Consuls then went to speak unto the people as gently as they could, and did pacify their fury, using great modesty in persuading them, and also in reproving their faults. So, the most part being pacified, the Tribunes then said that, since the Senate yielded to reason, the people also, as became them, did likewise give place unto them: notwithstanding, they would that Marcius should come in person to answer to the articles they had devised. This was spoken to one of these two ends, either that Marcius against his nature should be constrained to humble himself, or else, if he continued in his stoutness, he should incur the people's ill-will so far that he could never win them again.

So Marcius came to answer their accusations, and the people held their peace to hear what he would say. But, when they thought to hear lowly words from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking, but also gave himself in words to thunder, and therewithal to look so grimly as though he made no reckoning of the matter; which stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, nor endure his bravery. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruelest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whispered with his companion, did pronounce Marcius condemned by the Tribunes to die; and commanded the Ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When they came to lay hands upon Marcius, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed. The noblemen began to cry aloud, Help Marcius! so, those that laid hands on him being repulsed, they compassed him in among themselves, and some of them, holding up their hands to the people, besought them not to handle him thus cruelly; until the Tribunes' own friends did advise not to proceed in so violent a sort as to put such a man to death without process in law, but that they should refer the sentence to the free

voice of the people. Then Sicinius, bethinking himself a little, did ask the Patricians for what cause they took Marcius out of the officers' hands. The Patricians asked him again why they would of themselves so wickedly put to death so noble and valiant a Roman without law and justice. Well then, said Sicinius, let there be no quarrel against the people; for they grant your demand that the cause shall be heard according to law. Therefore, said he to Marcius, we do will and charge you to appear before the people the third day of our next sitting here, to make your purgation for such articles as shall be objected against you, that by free voice the people may give sentence upon you as shall please them.

The Patricians assembled often to consult how they might stand to Marcius, and keep the Tribunes from causing the people to mutiny again. Marcius, seeing the Senate in great doubt how to resolve, asked aloud of the Tribunes what they would burden him with. They answered that they would show how he aspired to be king. He said he did willingly offer himself to be tried upon that accusation; and that, if it were proved he had but once thought of any such matter, he would then refuse no kind of punishment they should offer; conditionally that they should charge him with nothing else. They promised they would not; and under these conditions the people assembled.

And first of all the Tribunes would in any case that the people should give their voices by tribes, and not by hundreds; for by this means the multitude of the poor needy people came to be of greater force than the noble honest citizens whose persons and purse did serve the commonwealth in the wars. When the Tribunes saw they could not prove he went about to make himself king, they began to broach afresh the former words that Marcius spoke in the Senate, in hindering the distribution of corn to the people, and persuading to take the Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged that he had not made common distribution of the spoil gotten of the Antiates, but

of his own authority had divided it among them that were with him. This matter was most strange of all to Marcius, looking not to be burdened with that as any offense: wherefore, having no ready excuse, he fell to praising the soldiers that had served with him in that journey. But those that were not with him, being the greater number, cried out so loud that he could not be heard. To conclude, when they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished forever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy as they never made for any battle won upon their enemies, and went home jocundly from the assembly. The Senate in contrary manner were as sad and heavy, repenting that they had not done and suffered anything whatsoever, rather than the people should have so abused their authority. There needed no difference of garments or outward shows, to know a Plebeian from a Patrician; for he that was on the people's side looked cheerfully, but he that was sad and hung down his head was, sure, of the noblemen's side; saving Marcius alone, who did never show himself abashed, nor once let fall his great courage: not that he did patiently bear his evil hap, but because he was so carried away with vehemency of anger and desire of revenge, that he had no sense of the state he was in; which the common people judge not to be sorrow, although indeed it be the very same.

Now that Marcius was even in that taking, appeared soon after by his deeds. For, when he was come to his house, and had taken leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and shrieking out for sorrow, and had also comforted them; he went to the gate of the city, accompanied by a great number of Patricians, and from thence went on his way with three or four friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up. In the end, seeing he could resolve no way to take an honorable course, but was only pricked for-

ward to be revenged of the Romans, he thought it his best way to stir up the Volsces against them, knowing they were able enough to encounter them, and that their power was not so much impaired, as their malice and desire of revenge was increased.

Now, in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honored among the Volsces as a king. Marcius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than all the Romans besides; because that many times in battles where they met they were ever at the encounter one against the other, insomuch as there was bred a marvelous private hate between them. Yet, considering that Tullus was of a great mind, and that he above all other Volsces desired revenge of the Romans, he disguised himself in such array as he thought no man could know what person he was, and so entered the enemies' town. It was even twilight when he entered, and many people met him, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him wondered what he should be, yet they durst not bid him rise: for disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him asked who he was, and wherefore he came. Then Marcius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, said, "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me dost not believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Marcius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit of the painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but

this surname;—a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly Nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney hearth: not of any hope I have to save my life thereby; for if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me; which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it, that my services may be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee that I will fight with better will for you, than I did when I was against you; knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. But if it be so that thou dare not, and art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee." Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvelous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, said unto him,—"Stand up, O Marcius, and be of good cheer; for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honor; and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volsces' hands." So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honorable manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days they fell to consultation in what sort they should begin their wars.

Tullus caused an assembly general to be made of the Volsces, and concluded to make war upon the Romans. This done, he counseled them to take Marcius into their service, and not to mistrust him for anything past, for he

would do more in fighting for them than he ever did in fighting against them. So Marcius was called forth, who spake so excellently that he was thought no less eloquent in tongue than warlike in show. Thus he was joined in commission with Tullus as general of the Volsces, having absolute authority between them to pursue the war. Then Marcius, having left order with the rulers to assemble the rest of their power, stole away upon the sudden with the lightest soldiers he had, and marched with all speed, and entered the territories of Rome, before the Romans had any news of his coming; insomuch as the Volsces found such spoil in the fields, that they had more than they could spend in their camp or carry away. Howbeit, this was the least part of his intent: for his chiefest purpose was, to increase the malice between the Nobility and people; and to draw that on, he was careful to keep the noblemen's lands and goods safe from harm, but spoiled all the country besides. This made greater broil between the Nobility and people, than was before. For the noblemen fell out with the people, because they had so unjustly banished a man of so great valor and power. The people, on the other side, accused the Nobility how they had procured Marcius to make this war to be revenged on them, because it pleased them to see their goods burned before their eyes, whilst themselves were well at ease.

In this while all went still to wreck at Rome. For to come into the field to fight, they could not abide to bear it, they were one so much against another, and full of seditious words; until they had intelligence that the enemies laid siege to the city of Lavinium, in which were all the temples and images of their gods. Then fell there out a marvelous sudden change of mind among the people, and far more strange and contrary in the Nobility: for the people thought it good to repeal the exile of Marcius, but the Senate would in no case yield to that. Marcius, hearing of this stir about him, was in a greater rage with them than before; insomuch that he raised the siege before Lavinium, and, going towards Rome, lodged his camp

within forty furlongs of the city. This did put the whole city in a wonderful fear: howbeit, for the present it appeased the dissension betwixt the Nobility and the people. For, when they saw the women in a marvelous fear running up and down the city; the temples full of old people weeping bitterly in their prayers to the gods; and finally not a man either wise or hardy to provide for their safety; then they were all of opinion that the people had reason to call home Marcius and reconcile themselves to him. So they all agreed to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war.

The ambassadors were Marcius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him. Howbeit, at their coming they were brought to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvelous and unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him. So he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they did in the most humble words they could devise, and with all modesty of behavior: whereupon, for the injury they had done him, he answered very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volsces, he willed them to restore unto the Volsces all the lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars, and give them the honor and freedom of Rome. Thereupon he gave them thirty days' respite to make answer. So the ambassadors returned, and Marcius departed with his army out of their territories.

Marcius, having given the Romans thirty days' respite, thought it good not to lie idle, but went and destroyed the lands of their allies, and took seven great cities of theirs. The time having expired, and Marcius being returned into the dominions of the Romans with all his army, they sent another embassy to pray peace and the remove of the Volsces out of the country. He answered, that as general of the Volsces he would reply nothing to it; but as a Roman citizen he would counsel them to let fall their pride;

and that they should come again within three days, and deliver up the articles agreed upon: otherwise he would no more give them safe conduct to his camp with such vain messages. When the ambassadors had returned and made report to the Senate, the city being in extreme danger, they threw out, as the common proverb saith, their holy anchor. For they appointed all the bishops, priests, ministers of the gods, and keepers of holy things, and all the augurers and soothsayers, to go to Marcius, appareled as when they do sacrifices, and intreat him to leave off the war, and speak to his countrymen, and conclude peace with the Volsces. He suffered them to come into the camp, but granted them nothing more, and willed them either to accept peace under the conditions offered, or else to receive war. When this goodly rabble of priests were returned, it was determined that none should go out of the city, and that they should watch upon the walls, to repulse their enemies, if they came to assault them; referring themselves and all their hope to time and fortune's uncertain favor, not knowing otherwise how to remedy the danger.

Now the Roman ladies and gentlemen did visit all the temples and gods, to make their prayers unto them. But the greatest ladies were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus, among whom was Valeria, Publicola's own sister, who was greatly honored and reverenced of the Romans, and did so modestly and wisely behave herself, that she did not shame nor dishonor the house she came of. She suddenly fell into a fancy, and had taken hold of a noble device. Whereupon she rose and the other ladies with her, and all went straight to the house of Volumnia, Marcius' mother; and, coming in, found her and Marcius' wife set together, and having his young children in her lap. All these ladies sitting in a ring about her, Valeria began to speak in this sort: "We ladies are come to visit you, my lady Volumnia and Virgilia, by no direction from the Senate or any magistrate, but through the inspiration, as I take it, of some god above; who, having taken pity of our prayers, hath moved us to come and

intreat you in a matter, as well beneficial for us, as also for the citizens in general, and to yourselves in special; and which shall redound to your more fame, than the daughters of the Sabines obtained when they procured loving peace between their fathers and husbands. Come on, good ladies, and let us go all together unto Marcius, to intreat him to take pity upon us, and also to report unto him how much you are bound unto the citizens; who, notwithstanding they have sustained great hurt by him, have not sought revenge upon your persons, nor conceived any thought but to deliver you safe into his hands, though thereby they look for no better grace or clemency from him."

When Valeria had spoken this, all the other ladies with one voice confirmed that she had said. Then Volumnia in this sort did answer: "My good ladies, we are partakers with you of the common misery of our country, and our grief exceedeth yours by reason of our particular misfortune. But the greatest grief is, to see our poor country brought to such extremity, that all hope is now cast upon us simple women; because we know not what account he will make of us, since he hath cast from him all care of his natural country, which heretofore he hath holden more precious than either his mother, wife, or children. Notwithstanding, if ye think we can do any good, we will do what you will have us. Bring us to him, I pray you; for if we cannot prevail, we can die at his feet, as humble suitors for our country."

Her answer ended, she took her daughter-in-law and Marcius' children with her; and, being accompanied with all the other ladies, they went together unto the Volsces' camp; who, when they saw her, did of themselves pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them durst say a word unto her. Now was Marcius set in his chair of state, and when he spied the women coming afar off, he marveled what it meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife, who came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his rancor. But in the ending, being altered to see

them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair; but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother and embraced her awhile, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought in him, that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them. Then, perceiving that his mother would speak, he called the chiefest of the Volsces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:

"If we held our peace, my son, and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies and present sight of our raiment would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home since thy exile: but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to behold, spiteful fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all others in their adversity, to pray unto the gods and to call to them for aid, is the thing which plungeth us in most deep perplexity. For we cannot, alas! together pray both for victory to our country and for safety of thy life; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my life-time do make an end of this war; for if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties than to overthrow and destroy the one; trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son so led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them. If it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroy-

ing the Volsces, I must confess thou wouldest hardly resolve on that: for as to destroy thy country, is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honorable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a jail-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety to both, but most honorable to the Volsces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have granted us singular graces, peace and amity; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the honor. But, if it fail, thyself alone shall carry the shameful reproach of either party. So, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries thou hast forever undone thy friends who did most lovingly receive thee.—My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou take it honorable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not think it an honest man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects, than thyself. Thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?"

With these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him. Marcius seeing that could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, "O mother, what have you done to me?" And, holding her hard by the right hand, "O mother," said he, "you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone." These words being spoken openly,

he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in the camp that night, the next morning he dislodged and marched into the Volsces' country again.

Now the citizens of Rome plainly showed in what fear and danger they stood, of this war. For so soon as the watch upon the walls perceived the Volsces' camp to remove, there was not a temple in the city but was presently set open, and full of men wearing garlands of flowers on their heads, sacrificing to the gods, as they were wont to do upon the news of some great victory. And this common joy was yet more manifestly showed by the honorable courtesies the whole Senate and people did bestow on the ladies. For they were all thoroughly persuaded that the ladies only were the cause of saving the city. Whereupon the Senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratify and honor these ladies, should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested them to build a temple of Fortune for the women, themselves offering to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods; and the Senate, commending their good will, ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city.

When Marcius was returned into the city of Antium, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him, for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away. Wherefore, having procured many of his confederacy, he required Marcius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volsces of his charge and government. Marcius answered, that he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords, if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and that he would even at that present give up an account to the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. Hereupon an assembly was held, in which there were certain orators appointed,

who stirred up the common people against him. When they had told their tales, Marcius rose up to answer; and the people quieted themselves and gave him audience: whereupon Tullus, fearing that, if he let him speak, he would prove his innocence to the people, because amongst other things he had an eloquent tongue, thought he might no longer delay his enterprise, nor tarry for the rising of the common people against him. Wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the Volsces. Saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him. Howbeit, it is clear that this murder was not generally consented to of the Volsces: for men came out of all parts to honor his body, and did honorably bury him; setting up his tomb with great store of armor and spoils, as the tomb of a worthy person and great captain.

The foregoing abstract makes manifest enough that the Poet was indebted to the historian for somewhat more than the events of the drama. The life and character of the persons, together with the springs and processes of their action, were in a good measure taken from that time-honored repository. And the point worth special noting is, that from the parts and fragments thence derived, rich and fresh as these often are, the Poet should have reproduced, as it were, the entire form and order of their being, creating an atmosphere and environment which so fit and cohere with what he borrowed, that the whole has the air and movement of a perfectly original work. For it may be observed, that all the humorous and amusing scenes—and Shakespeare has few that are more choicely conceived or more aptly used—are supplied from the Poet's own mind; there being no hint towards these in Plutarch, saving the fable rehearsed and applied by old Menenius, who is described as one of "the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people." And yet how exquisite and admirable the keeping of these scenes with the other

matter and course of the play! and how perfectly steeped and charged they seem with the very genius and spirit of old Roman life and manners!

But the drama has what some may not unfairly consider a still higher merit, in that through the whole is poured the high-reaching grace and power of the most deep and broad and mellow philosophy. From its richly-freighted scenes may be gathered, directly or by quick inference, a code and stock of practical wisdom large and various enough to furnish out the moralist and statesman: the whole work bespeaking a mind which, without any loss of strength or vigor, has ripened up into a sage-like calmness, clearness, and sobriety; which, as from a world-commanding eminence, has made a full and complete survey of humanity; which has thoroughly mastered the principles and measures of political growth and influence; which knows men through and through, both as individuals and as members of the state; and which understands how man and man, rank and rank, class and class, sex and sex, act and react on one another in all the civil and social relations of life, so that he can view and touch them, play or be serious with them, laugh at or instruct them, as one that is perfectly at home both among and within them. The play, it is true, has comparatively little of that mighty-rushing energy and torrent of passion, in which the Poet seems at one period of his life to have delighted to dwell. The nature of the theme indeed did not well admit of this. But, surely, the want thereof is more than made up by qualities which, if not nobler in themselves, are much rarer to be met with. And the very choice of the subject-matter, as well as the mode of treating it, argues the state of one who has shaken himself loose from those fierce bewilderments of soul, and set up his rest in the more even and quiet fields of lofty unimpassioned thought; where he is bending all his resources of genius and art to the moving and interesting of men by discoursing the purer truths of the intellect and the heart, and by running the most free and eloquent division upon them.

Hazlitt indeed has charged the Poet that in this play he shows a strong leaning to the side of Patrician arrogance and pride, against the interest and feeling of the people. And herewithal he revels and expatiates at large, to make out how much more of poetry there is in the high treadings of aristocratic insolence, than in the modest walking of Plebeian humility. But Hazlitt's mind seems to have been so preoccupied with spite of what was socially above him, that he could scarce take any reproof but what was leveled at those around and below him: all which may be regarded by some as inferring the spirit of a high-strung aristocrat, soured by disappointment, and so spurning at what itself could not reach. There is, we believe, no ground for such a charge in the present case. On the contrary, the play may be cited as a strong instance of dramatic evenhandedness: impartial justice seems to have been the moral law of the composition. The ugly and offensive points in the hero, those which most naturally, if not justly, drew on him the people's hate, are set forth unsparingly; not indeed naked and alone, for this were but turning them into caricature, but in combination with high and noble traits, just as delivered in the history, and just as we find them perpetually occurring in actual men. So, on the other side, much that is good and generous in the people, as well as what is mean and envious, has a kindly and cordial outlet, sometimes playful indeed, and sometimes otherwise; but still so as, in effect, to engage for them more of pity than of anger. They are represented as bearing much, forgiving much; free to own the greatness of the haughty Patrician, and not more resenting his insolence, than regretting it; and never withheld from making fair returns of honor even against many and great provocations, till set on fire by the tongues of envious and self-seeking flatterers. If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius, a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humorous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in

reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

The hero offers a capital study for those who, in their estimates of men, have not learned to temper their thoughts to "a web of mingled yarn," such as human nature, even in its best specimens, ordinarily presents. The character is a very mixed one; and all its parts, good and bad, are fashioned on so large a scale as to yield matter enough for making out a strong case either way, according as the observer's mind is set to a course of all blame or all praise; while at the same time the several lines are so energetic and bold as to render it not easy for one to steer clear of all extremes, and so to take the impression of a given side as to fit the subject all round. The main features of the man are drawn together in Plutarch with so vigorous yet delicate a hand, that we should seem hardly excusable in omitting the passage. We subjoin it from North, making no changes but what are needful for due compression of the matter:

"Caius Marcius, being left an orphan by his father, was brought up under his mother, a widow, who taught us by experience that orphanage bringeth many discommodities to a child, but doth not hinder him to become an honest man, and to excel in virtue above the common sort. This man also is a good proof to confirm some men's opinions, that a rare and excellent wit untaught doth bring forth many good and evil things together; as a fat soil bringeth forth both herbs and weeds. For his natural wit and great heart did marvelously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But, on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient that he would yield to no living creature; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. Yet men, marveling much at his constancy, that he was never

overcome with pleasure nor money, and how he would endure easily all manner of pains and travels, thereupon well liked his stoutness and temperance. But, for all that, they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen useth to be with another, his behavior was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had. . . . . It is daily seen that, honor lighting on young men before the time, the desire to win more dyeth straight in them, the same having no deep root: whereas the first honor that valiant minds come upon doth quicken up their appetite, hasting them forward as with force of wind to enterprise things of high-deserving. This desire being bred in Marcius, he strained still to pass himself in manliness, and his noble service did still advance his fame. And, as for others, the only respect that made them valiant was, that they hoped to have honor; but, touching Marcius, the only thing that made him to love honor was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For nothing made him so happy, as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him; that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and still embrace him, with tears running down her cheeks, for joy."

In strict keeping with this account of the man, Shakespeare represents pride as the back-bone of his composition. And his pride is rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion, insomuch that, let but a spark of provocation be struck into the latter, and the former at once flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of life. It is therefore perfectly characteristic of the man that an unexpected word of scornful reproach stings him to the quick: the instant it touches his ear, he explodes like a rocket. It is on this principle that the wily Tribunes work, plying their craft and watching their time to provoke him into some fatal provocation of popular resentment. Hence the Poet, with great judgment, and without any hint from the history, makes Aufidius, when the time is ripe for firing off the conspiracy against his life, touch

him into an ecstasy of passionate rage by spitting the term "boy" at him. Now, his very pride, if duly guarded by the ensconcements of reason and self-respect, would have caused him, from the monstrous unfitness of such an epithet, to answer it with calm and silent scorn: but he seems to resent it in proportion as it strikes wide of him, and makes its very unfitness to him the cause of its power over him.

The natural working of these qualities, together with the gigantic structure of the man in other parts, made his character an apt and inviting occasion to represent the struggle between those two antagonist elements in the state, which in their reconcilement and unity did much towards rearing up the solid greatness and grandeur of old Rome. There is in the people much that is really despicable. This the hero seizes on greedily, and makes the most of, as favoring that whereon his pride fastens, and at the same time winks away whatsoever there is in them of a redeeming quality: he scorns their meanness, and is glad to find it in them as giving him cause for scorning them; will see in them nothing but what is vile, and would fain make them as vile as he thinks them, that so his scorn may stand justified to his sense of right. Still he is placed where his pride can only come at its proper food by their suffrage; for its dearest gratification he must needs look to that which most galls and offends it. This puts him upon trying to extort their admiration and homage while making them hate his person: what he most prides himself upon is to have his greatness force honors from them in spite of his insolence to them; because such an inverse proportion between their returns and receipts serves to magnify and set off his superiority. This is well shown in what falls from one of those almost characterless persons of the drama, in whom the Poet sometimes puts much candor and shrewdness of observation, and then uses them as the mouth-piece of his own judgment: "If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he would wave indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with

greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite." Hence, when he goes out to beg their voices, he takes care to season his requests with scorn, and to let them see that his spirit still disclaims what his tongue speaks: then, if they excuse his spirit on the score of his formal compliance, this will be his triumph.

The hero's pride, however, is far from being of a mean and narrow cast: nobly elemented out of the various regards of rank, family, country, talents, and courage, it therefore partakes the general greatness of his character; is of a towering and majestic pitch; and as it grows not less by what he derives from and shares with others, than by what is peculiar to himself, so it is of that high and generous scope that commonly issues in great virtues as well as great faults. Hence it is nowise such as, of itself, to eat out the better juices of humanity: on the contrary, modesty, gratitude, openness of heart and hand, are its chosen playfellows; and it is of an element that would keep clean and fresh the breast where it dwells, and under whose stern yet free patronage, tenderness of heart, purity and rectitude of life, and many of the milder and gentler qualities, have their best cherishing; a sure source of replenishment to whatsoever virtues it guards, because its own best source of thrift is in the noble growth it fosters. Which is rarely shown in that, with all his passionate craving after fame, he still counts it his highest honor to be the cause that others are honored. For he is as jealous of the merit as of the position of his fellow-Patricians; would guard their virtue as carefully as their rank; is not less strenuous to have them deserve than to have them hold the place of supreme rule and reverence in the state. He is prouder, too, of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honor in himself but what he can refer to that honored source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him: in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his

profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such intrinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says,—"My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod"—we have the sublimity of filial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mold, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum: on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of woman's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporize with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of willfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept,—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" For reverence of children to their fathers is the principle that

binds together successive generations in one continuous life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution. For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honors not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

Various other characters in this noble play are wisely conceived, and nicely discriminated. The contrast between Volumnia and Virgilia is wrought out with the greatest delicacy and felicity. And the marshaling of the materials, the adjustment of the parts, the whole social and political ordonnance of the drama, discover such a form and measure of constructive and administrative judgment as might sustain the weight of an empire.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CORIOLANUS

Now we apprehend that Shakspere has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspere's insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—"Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy." But in his representation of this fact Shakspere had to create a character, and to make that character act and re-act upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is "bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean." He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not

reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

The pride of Coriolanus is however not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power, or person, or principle higher than oneself. It is two-fold, a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egotistic; and secondly a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold or selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the Tribunes, he can accept well-pleased a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son, who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has affected more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest, Coriolanus has a manly tenderness, and constant freshness of adhesion:

> O, a kiss
> Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
> Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

In his boy he has a father's joy, and yields to an ambitious hope, and a yearning forward to his son's possible future of heroic action, in which there is something of touching, paternal weakness:

> The god of soldiers,
> With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
> Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
> To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
> Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
> And saving those that eye thee!

His wife's friend Valeria is the "moon of Rome,"

> Chaste as the icicle
> That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
> And hangs on Dian's temple.

In his mother Volumnia, the awful Roman matron, he rejoices with a noble enthusiasm and pride; and while she is present always feels himself by comparison with this great mother, inferior and unimportant.

But Cominius, Menenius, and Virgilia, Valeria and Volumnia, and his boy belong to the privileged class, they are patrician. Beyond this patrician class neither his sympathies nor his imagination find it possible to range. The plebeians are "a common cry of curs" whose breath Coriolanus hates. He cannot like Bolingbroke flatter their weakness while he despises them inwardly. He is not even indifferent towards them; he rather rejoices in their malice and displeasure; if the nobility would let him use his sword he would make a quarry "with thousands of these quarter'd slaves," as high as he could pick his lance. Sicinius the Tribune is "the Triton of the minnows." When Coriolanus departs from Rome, as though all the virtue of the city were resident in himself, he reverses the apparent fact and pronounces a sentence of banishment against those whom he leaves behind; "*I banish you.*" Brutus is warranted by the fact when he says

> You speak o' the people
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity.

And yet the weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate; but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volsces; but to obtain the consulship

he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgment and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune. The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is "rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common sense." Now such passion as this Shakspere knew to be weakness and not strength; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome, and his subsequent fate.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

THE EXPULSION OF CORIOLANUS

The expulsion of Coriolanus is proof and witness of the young vitality of the body politic, which is able thus harmlessly and decisively to extrude an element that is inimical; for Coriolanus is a type of all the trouble and mischief that befel the Republic in ensuing years, from the traitorous selfishness of otherwise well meriting servants that it retained within its bosom. Yet even the egotism of Coriolanus, which urges him to abet the enemies of his country for the sake of revenge, never suggested a thought of erecting a tyranny, and even retained him zealous and satisfied in an inferior military command. It is a mere calumnious imagination of the tribune that he had any artful motive for preferring the second place;—it is quite clear that this is but part of his habitual loyalty to the aristocratic system which he bows to readily and instinctively, so long as it is true to what he conceives to be its

proper genius as well as only safety.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

VOLUMNIA

In Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, "she saved Rome and lost her son." Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigor, is without harshness. Though Volumnia is a Roman matron, and though her country owes its salvation to her, it is clear that her maternal pride and affection are stronger even than her patriotism. Thus, when her son is exiled, she bursts into an imprecation against Rome and its citizens:

> Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
> And occupations perish!

But the triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additonal beauty.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Among its members it counts no grander figure than Volumnia, Marcius' mother, "the most noble mother of the world." No creation of the dramatist is so genuinely antique as this ideal Roman matron. Patriotism is with her

a religion, and virtue is summed up in the valor which is eager to bleed for its country on the battle-field. Thus her pride in her only son is less a purely maternal feeling than the exultation of the lion-hearted dame who has given to Rome a champion of unrivaled prowess. There is a metallic clang about the very words in which she recounts her loyalty to her conception of a patriot-mother's duty:

"When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons . . . I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action."

In a similar spirit she dwells triumphantly on the number and position of Marcius' wounds, and while he is at the wars she gloats in imagination over his bloody exploits in the field. But it is no mere brute courage that she has instilled into him; it is the heroism that looks on "extremity" as the trier of spirits; and that takes with a smile fortune's blows, "when most struck home." But along with these "precepts that would make invincible the heart that conn'd them," Volumnia had taught her son less salutary lessons. Her patriotism, measureless in its depth, is narrowed by her class feeling, and does not embrace the plebeians, whom she has instructed Marcius to consider

"Woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of [his] ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war."

—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

VIRGILIA

But the wife plays a very subordinate part; it would be absurd to agree with Mr. Ruskin, and call Virgilia "perhaps the loveliest of Shakespeare's women"; though subtly sketched, she is quite in the background, before which the figure of Volumnia stands so strikingly prominent; poetic justice to Virgilia would have been poetic injustice to the legend which was nine-tenths of the drama.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

MENENIUS

Among the secondary characters in this play of *Coriolanus*, the most estimable, as well as the most interesting, is old Menenius, the patrician and senator. He forms an amiable link between the two orders; he is precisely the character a nobleman should be; wearing the insignia of his rank with a bland and easy dignity; gracefully condescending, and even familiar with the commonalty, sympathizing with their wants, difficulties, and privations; and this gives him the privilege to speak to them with the authority of his longer experience, with better education and knowledge. This same sympathy, too, which they all recognize, gives him the warrant to visit their misconduct and their senseless waverings, their vacillations, irrational turbulence, and revolt, with an asperity which they would ill bear from another who cared less for them and their destitute condition. It is observable, that throughout all his displeasure and petulance against the mob, Menenius never makes use of a cruel or even unkind speech: in his spleen he is sufficiently and humorously contemptuous; but we hear no such expression as the scoundrelly exultation of Coriolanus at the approaching war with the Volscians, when he says—

> "I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent
> Our musty superfluity";

a speech admirably in character with one who considered the masses below him in the commonwealth only as so much material to build up his own pomp and ambition. Menenius has described his own nature and temper in that sparring scene between himself and the tribunes of the people, Brutus and Sicinius. It is a happy display of a testy, wayward, and humorous old man, with a rich vein of kind-heartedness running through his crusty temper.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE TRIBUNES

And then the tribunes! They are not mere demagogues. They are fighting the battle of their class with prudence, intelligence, and skill, against the stupidity and oppression of the upper class. Not with the unreason of the mob-orator, but with resolute foresight, they determine to overthrow Coriolanus as the common enemy of the people. Once he is exiled they can deal with the rest of the patricians in a quiet way, and with a good hope of success. And they give themselves to that aim with cool precision of attack. They use no wild words. They speak throughout with quietude and resolution, as men who care for the cause of their fellow-citizens more than for themselves.—BROOKE, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

THE POPULACE

If we observe closely, we cannot even find that the people are here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them; we may then soon find that the populace in Julius Cæsar appear much worse than in Coriolanus. Great attention is here paid to the character of the age. In Antony, where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in Cæsar, where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness;

in Coriolanus, where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities. We must allow that the populace are not flattered. The multitude are not alone blamed by Coriolanus as inconstant and variable, but they make him conscious of their changeableness by their behavior concerning his election. Not alone does Menenius say that their imprudence "transports them by calamity thither where more attends them," but we find them actually on this road, and their leaders surpass them in popular frenzy; what is inconvenient is not believed and is concealed from the people, and the messenger is flogged who brings the unwelcome truth. It is true they are not alone reproached by words with unjustly ascribing to the government what is perhaps the decree of Providence, that they curse the justice that overtakes the criminal, and persecute the great with hatred; we see them ourselves in action, now loving and now hating without a reason, and, as it always happens in stirring times, scattering abroad the exciting commonplaces which have much show and little truth. Coriolanus despises all the deed and capacity of the people, which, "where it should find lions, finds hares," but the poet has actually shown us their cowardice and their love of plunder. On the other hand, we must not be, like Coriolanus, unreasonable, and overlook the fact that Shakespeare has introduced some better and braver among the people, who, when the general calls for volunteers, all shout and follow him, to his great joy and admiration. We must not omit to observe that the whole mass of the people acknowledge the merit of Coriolanus, that the zeal to admire and applaud the conqueror is universal, that his party among the people seems very great, that even the inflamed and excited people acknowledge that he is not avaricious, that he is not more proud than brave; that, with regard to his haughtiness, they take into consideration the power of his nature, and acknowledge that his merit surpasses their power to recompense. Menenius imagined that if the nobles did not keep them in awe they would destroy them-

selves, yet they acknowledge readily the wisdom of his fable, before which their wisdom yields. The friends of Coriolanus expected that the people, when left to themselves on his banishment, would fall into confusion, but, to their surprise, peace and union prevail. If fickleness be the attribute of the populace in all ages, there is an advantage even in this fault, which is totally opposed to the stiff obstinacy of the aristocrat; the populace become, through this quality, a manageable mass, which a wise man, like Menenius, can easily guide; if it be easily inflamed, it is also easily calmed again, and this quality of ready forgiveness Menenius himself praises in the people. Their hostility against Coriolanus is excusable on account of his indifference and haughty contempt, and on account of the scorn and enmity with which the proud man intentionally challenges their hatred.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

"CORIOLANUS" AS A DRAMA

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is construed strictly according to rule; the plot is simple and powerful, and is developed, with steadily increasing interest, to a logical climax. With the exception of *Othello*, Shakespeare has never treated his material in a more simply intelligible fashion. It is the tragedy of an inviolably truthful personality in a world of small-minded folk; the tragedy of the punishment a reckless egoism incurs when it is betrayed into setting its own pride above duty to state and fatherland.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

DIFFICULTIES IN THE MATERIAL FOR THE PLAY

Even the literary artist who tells his own story has trouble enough with its plot; but the dramatist who prefers to construct his plots from the stories of others often finds the task still more troublesome. This was Shakespeare's fate

more than once, and he did not altogether escape it in *Antony and Cleopatra;* he does not escape it in *Coriolanus.* That a man of the high breeding and lofty experience of Coriolanus—who had done more for his country than any score of men living—should suddenly, and in desire of a vulgar revenge, lead against his country her bitterest foes, is of course an outrage on the ordinary instincts of humanity. That Shakespeare felt this is evident from the many passages in which he tries to prepare us for such a violation of the moral law. Again, that the brave leader of the Volsces should suddenly turn coward, hypocrite, and villain is an outrage on dramatic propriety; and once more the poet did what he could (IV, vii, 35–54) by way of apology. The same difficulties stood in his way when writing *King John;* but these he surmounted by making the nation his hero instead of the despicable sovereign. Something like it is the sorry part played by Laertes; a gentleman of perfect breeding suddenly stoops to the basest treachery; but Hamlet himself changes in character as the play proceeds.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE THEME

The Roman plays belong to the sphere of clear, plastic antiquity, and we find that their inner center also stands out with a certain degree of plastic definiteness and clearness. Yet they have frequently been misunderstood. Thus it is quite erroneous to suppose that *Coriolanus* is merely a representation of party spirit in its historical significance. The factious element, *i. e.* the pursuit of personal interests under the cloak of some general motive, is indeed introduced, but is not the actual lever of the action. The main thing is the struggle between the two opposite principles of a republican polity—the aristocratic and the democratic. These principles can come into conflict only where heroic greatness, manly worth, and moral power are still looked upon as gifts of nature, consequently as dependent upon noble birth, or where the con-

sciousness of the equal rights of all men is beginning to make itself felt, because of their equal moral and mental capacities; they can only come into conflict where ancient rights—which, through abuse, have become doubtful or even partially lost—are to be protected from total extinction, or where new claims—called forth by a changed state of the consciousness of right—rebel against the ancient rights. The struggle does not only mark a transition stage in the republican polity, but also a new phase of legal and moral consciousness.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

The theme is the tragedy of a man of great courage, great honesty, and great intellect, whose splendid qualities are ruined by an insensate and inhuman pride. Coriolanus is a giant, and his superiority is real; but his passionate contempt of the common crowd amounts to positive hatred, and the violence of his temper is absolutely ferocious. His behavior in the "gown of humility" is outrageous and utterly unreasonable: nothing is asked of him but common civility. Politically he is simply a revolutionist: his action tends to a destruction of the constitution of the republic. Moreover, he is without patriotism; he is not even loyal to his own class. He is loyal to his own family only. Pride and the ferocity of his temper make of him a public enemy, and there was nothing to be done with such a man but to banish him or make him despot. The interest of the play is almost as concentrated as that of *Othello.*—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE DRAMATIC MORAL

The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves; therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden.

They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest, that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute; to thrust down that which is low still lower, and to make wretches desperate: to exalt magistrates into kings, kings into gods; to degrade subjects to the rank of slaves, and slaves to the condition of brutes. The history of mankind is a romance, a mask, a tragedy, constructed upon the principles of *poetical justice;* it is a noble or royal hunt, in which what is sport to the few is death to the many, and in which the spectators halloo and encourage the strong to set upon the weak, and cry havoc in the chase though they do not share in the spoil. We may depend upon it that what men delight to read in books, they will put in practice in reality.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

This preliminary scene is designed by Shakespeare to illustrate, first, the principles which in his opinion regulated the well-being of a State, which, if it is to present a firm front to rivals, must not be divided against itself. The interdependence of all classes must be fully recognized, for we may recollect that the story of the belly and its members may be made to tell the other way, if it happened that the digestive organs were recalcitrant or neglectful. Moreover, the incident, like the speeches of Brutus and Antony in *Julius Cæsar,* serves the purpose of showing what in Shakespeare's opinion was the right way to deal with the rabble. Appeals to the reason, as shown by the uselessness of the suggestions of the 2d Citizen, were futile. Homely illustration, humorously and good-temperedly delivered, was the truer method of dealing with the uneducated. Had the patricians been all of the type of

Menenius, the friction between the different classes in the State would have been reduced to a minimum. Unfortunately Menenius was an exception to his class, and the opposite but prevailing type of its spirit is introduced in Caius Marcius, whom the plebeians have already singled out as the representative of the patrician class.—RANSOME, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, *afterwards* CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS
TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volscians*
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
YOUNG MARCIUS, *son of Coriolanus*
A Roman Herald
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians*
Lieutenant to Aufidius
Conspirators with Aufidius
A Citizen of Antium
Two Volscian Guards

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus*
VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus*
VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia*
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli and the neighborhood; Antium*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Rome has been suffering from a famine which has been relieved by a free distribution of corn. Now the plebeians are demanding that the patricians supply them with corn at their own price. They are granted five tribunes of their own choice to defend their wishes. Among the patricians is one named Caius Marcius, who, although a high-minded man, is very brusque in his manners. The people believe him to be responsible for the high price of corn and desire to kill him. Just at this time a war breaks out with the Volsces under Aufidius. Marcius's deeds of bravery at Corioli win for him from the other generals and soldiers the title of Coriolanus.

ACT II

On his return to Rome, he is given a triumph; the senate elects him consul, but before he can assume the office, the people must give their consent. The plebeians would willingly have given him their support, but the speeches in which he asks for it are made so listlessly that it is very easy for Brutus and Sicinius, two demagogues, to persuade them to change their decision.

ACT III

In his anger at this treatment Coriolanus says many things about the people's rights, and Brutus and Sicinius joyfully seize upon these statements and use them to condemn him to exile.

ACT IV

Coriolanus, "in mere spite, to be full quit of those his banishers," goes to Tullus Aufidius at Antium. He makes peace with his old enemy, who is glad to accept his aid for a campaign that he is about to start against Rome. When the news of this treaty gets abroad, all Rome is much distressed over it.

ACT V

Rome feels herself helpless before the invaders and sends Coriolanus's particular friends to him to intercede for peace. He refuses them all until his mother and wife come to him. Then he abandons the siege without striking a blow and returns to Antium. He is charged with treachery by Aufidius, and during the quarrel which follows the accusation, Coriolanus is assassinated.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.
All. Speak, speak.
First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?
All. Resolved, resolved.
First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
All. We know 't, we know 't.
First Cit. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict? 10
All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!
Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.
First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits

on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness 20 that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the 30 commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was 40 for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature,

21. *"object of our misery"*; that is, apparently, the *sight* or *spectacle* of their misery: their *"leanness"* was the *"object"* that served, by comparison, to remind the Patricians of their own abundance; and so the sufferings of the Plebs were a gain to them. Mr. Collier's second folio turns *"object"* into *abjectness.*—H. N. H.

you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and 81
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish,

87. In North's *Plutarch* the account of this insurrection runs as follows: "It fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because the Senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complaine of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed mony. For those that had litle were yet spoiled of that litle by their creditors, for lack of ability to pay the usury; who offered their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were laid hold on, and they were made bondmen, notwithstanding all the wounds and cuts which they had received in many battels, fighting for defence of their countrey; of the which the last warre they had made was against the Sabynes, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made, that from thenceforth they would intreate them more gently. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battel, seeing they were never a whit the better, and that the Senate would give no care to them, but suffered them to be made slaves to their creditours; they fel then even to flat rebellion and mutiny, and to stirre up dangerous tumults within the city. Whereupon their

and their store-houses crammed with grain;
make edicts for usury, to support usurers; 90
repeal daily any wholesome act established
against the rich, and provide more piercing
statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the
poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will;
and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more. 101

First Cit. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must
not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:
but, an 't please you, deliver.

chiefe magistrates, and many of the Senate, began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they shold somewhat yeeld to the poore peoples request, and a litle qualifie the severity of the law. Other held hard against that opinion, and Martius for one. For he alleged that the creditours losing their money was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the communalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore, he said, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent and quench this ill favoured and worse meant beginning. The Senate met many daies in consultation about it; but in the end they concluded nothing. The poore common people, seeing no redresse, gathered themselves one day together, and all forsook the city, and encamped upon a hil, called at that day the holy hill, along the river of Tyber, offering no creature any hurt, nor making any shew of actuall rebellion, saving that they cried, as they went up and down, that the rich men had driven them out of the city. Moreover, they said, to dwell at Rome was nothing els but to be slain or hurt with continuall wars, and fighting for defence of the rich mens goods."—H. N. H.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest; where the other instruments 110
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied 120
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!

105, etc. The fable of the Belly and the Members has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of Æsopian fables; so that there is as much reason for making Æsop the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited version of it in Camden's *Remains;* but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's *Plutarch.*—H. N. H.

118. *"Which ne'er came from the lungs";* the lungs were regarded as the seat of joyous laughter.—C. H. H.

122. *"most fitly";* exactly.—H. N. H.

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counselor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! what then? what then? 130

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first, 141
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

146. *"the court, the heart";* according to the old philosophy, the

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,— 151

First Cit. Aye, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly 160
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called *"the court."* So in a previous speech: *"The counselor heart."*—Modern editions, until Knight's, put a dash after *"heart,"* thus making the latter part of the line in apposition with the former, and interpret *"brain"* to mean *understanding:* which is evidently wrong; the right sense being, apparently,—"I send the general food through the rivers of your blood to the heart, which is the court; I send it to the seat of the brain," that is, the head: for the belly may as justly claim the honor of sending nourishment to the head as to the heart. —H. N. H.

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage. 170
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, 180
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

169. *"rascal"* and *"in blood"* are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood,* thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself." *"Worst in blood"* has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition.*—H. N. H.

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offense subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead 190
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say! 200
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

184, 186. *"your virtue,"* etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offenses have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson). —I. G.

And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance. 210

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity 221
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

221. *"break the heart of generosity"*; give the death-blow to the power of the nobles.—C. H. H.

Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes 230
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: what 's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility; 240
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius,
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true-bred! 253
First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valor puts well forth: pray, follow. 261
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Bemock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded 272
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall 281
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

268. *"The present wars devour him";* that is, his pride on account of his valor and success in "the present wars," devours him. So in *Troilus and Cressida:* "He that is proud *eats up* himself." "Eat up with pride" is still a common expression.—The meaning of the latter part of the sentence seems to be, "he is grown too proud *of being* so valiant."—H. N. H.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is:
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known

9. *"press'd"*; the use of *"press'd"* in this place is well explained by a passage in North's *Plutarch:* "The common people, being set

Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumor'd, 11
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretenses veil'd till when 20
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepared for us.

on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the Consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained.*"—This note were hardly needful, but that the word is commonly given *prest,* and explained *ready, prompt,* from an old French word.—H. N. H.

Auf. O, doubt not that; 30
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honors safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honor than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings'

35–36. That is, keep on striking till one hath struck his last. Modern editions, following Malone, have turned *"ever"* into *"never."* —H. N. H.

8. *"plucked"*; attracted.—C. H. H.

entreaties, a mother should not sell him an 10
hour from her beholding; I, considering how
honor would become such a person; that
it was no better than picture-like to hang by
the wall, if renown made it not stir, was
pleased to let him seek danger where he was
like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent
him; from whence he returned, his brows
bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I
sprang not more in joy at first hearing he
was a man-child than now in first seeing he 20
had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam:
how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my
son; I therein would have found issue.
Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen
sons, each in my love alike, and none less

18. *"bound with oak,"* as a mark of honor for saving the life of a citizen.—I. G.

This incident is related with much spirit in *Plutarch* as translated by North: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aide of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battell, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine souldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."—H. N. H.

dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had
rather had eleven die nobly for their coun-
try than one voluptuously surfeit out of ac- 30
tion.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit
you.
Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning
him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:' his bloody
brow 40
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not love-
lier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth
blood
At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria

46. *"gilt"* is an old word for *gilding.* So in *King Henry V:* "Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd."—H. N. H.

49. *"At Grecian sword, contemning,"* etc.; F. 1 reads "At Grecian sword. *Contenning,* tell *Valeria,"* etc.; the reading in the text is

We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.* 50

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son? 60

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and 70 after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so

substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.—I. G.

The second folio changes *sword* to *swords,* and *contemning* to *contending. "Contemning"* was long since proposed by Mr. Singer, and is found written in Mr. Collier's second folio. There can be little doubt that it is the right word; and certainly it makes a most apt and striking figure.—H. N. H.

set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon. 80

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no by your patience; I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in. 90

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 100

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

97. *"moths";* the word was pronounced "motts." There is thence, apparently, a play upon the cant meaning "lovers," a sense still current in Ireland. The *Slang Dict.* gives "mot," a girl of indifferent character.—C. H. H.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us. 110

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. 120

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colors, Marcius, Titus Lartius Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.
Lart. My horse to yours, no.
Mar. 'Tis done.
Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I 'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours. 9
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off! [*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes 20
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

14. *"that fears you less"*; Johnson conj. *"but fears you less"*; Johnson and Capell conj. *"that fears you more"*; Schmidt, *"that fears you,—less."* The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in *"nor"* and *"less."*—I. G.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of— Boils and plagues 31
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe, 39
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good seconds:

31. *"you herd of—Boils,"* Johnson's emendation. Ff. 1, 2, *"you Heard of Byles"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"you Herd of Biles"*; Rowe, *"you herds of biles"*; Pope (ed. 1), *"you herds; of boils"*; Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, *"you! herds of boils"*; Collier MS., *"unheard of boils,"* etc., etc. —I. G.

As the text stands, Marcius is characteristically seized with a transport of passion, and the break in his speech finely marks his sudden explosion of rage.—H. N. H.

42. *"trenches followed"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"trenches followes"*; Collier (ed. 1), *"trenches follow"*; (ed. 2), *"trenches. Follow!"*; Dyce, Lettsom conj. *"trenches: follow me,"* etc.—I. G.

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcius is shut in.*
First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, 50
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible

57. *"Cato's"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Calues"* and *"Calves"*; Rowe, *"Calvus."*—I. G.

The original has it,—"Even to *Calues* wish"; a misprint easily corrected by recurring to North's *Plutarch:* "For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." Cato was not born till some 255 years after the death of Coriolanus. The Poet of course was led into the anachronism, by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation.—H. N. H.

Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, 59
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

Scene V

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver. [*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours

63. *"make remain"*; "make" is redundant.—C. H. H.

5. *"hours"*; Pope and Johnson changed *hours* to *honours*. *Hours* is ascertained to be the right reading, by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to cary away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that *it was no time now to looke after spoile,* and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves."—H. N. H.

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him! 10
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus 20
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, 10
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:

6. *"ye"*; Ff., *"the."*—I. G.
The original has *"The* Roman gods"; but the words "give *you* thankful sacrifice" show that it should be *Ye*. The printer no doubt mistook *Ye* for the usual contraction of *the*.—H. N. H.

I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Aye, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart 30
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches? 40
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose. 50
Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

36. *"pitying"*; that is, remitting his ransom.—H. N. H.

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but, 60
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report; 70
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take*

53. Shakespeare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written *Antiats.*—H. N. H.

70. *"his person"* is evidently used here for "his *personal danger,"* or *"danger to his* person."—H. N. H.

him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

76. Ff., *"O, me alone! make you a sword of me?"*; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."—I. G.

84–85. This passage has caused a good deal of perplexity. Mr. Singer many years ago proposed *some* instead of *four,* supposing what is known to have sometimes been the case, that the long *s,* as then written, was mistaken by the printer for an *f*. The change is indeed plausible; but the passage, though something awkward, seems intelligible enough as it stands. Of course the meaning is, that Marcius, in order to save time, will delegate to certain men the office of selecting, for the body he is to command, such as have most heart for a post of special danger. Mr. Collier's second folio reads,—"Please you, march *before;* and *I* shall quickly draw"; thus suppressing *to,* transposing *four* and changing it into *before,* and inserting *I;* all which is mending with a witness.—H. N. H.

Scene VII

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge 10
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.
[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*
Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

12. That is, the *whip* that your bragg'd progenitors were possessed of. Steevens suggests that *whip* might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote anything peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, etc.—H. N. H.

14–15. *"you have shamed . . . seconds"*; "You have to my shame sent me help, which I *condemn* as intrusive."—H. N. H.

Scene IX

The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honors,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,

12. The meaning is, "This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show."—H. N. H.

Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that 's what I can: induced
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be 19
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;

29. *"Should they not"*; that is, *not be remember'd.*—H. N. H.

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth 50
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

41–53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of *"coverture"* for *"overture,"* as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; *"him"* is seemingly used here instead of the neuter *"it."*—I. G.

Touching the whole passage as here given, we may observe, that Marcius is referring to the "long flourish" which has just been made by the musical instruments in honor of his stout and valiant action. This he regards as a profanation; an using of that which was meant as an incitement to do, for the purpose of glorifying what has been done. And he wishes, not simply, as it is in the common reading, that those instruments may never sound more, but that they may never sound more, when thus abused to the end of sounding com-

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius 59
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamor of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you:

pliments and flatteries on the battle-field. All such "false-fac'd soothing" he would have confined to "courts and cities," where steel itself is used for ornament, not for fighting. That Marcius, with his all-devouring passion for war, should speak of courts and cities as made up of false-faced soothing, is quite characteristic; but, as he thinks they *are* so already, he would not wish they might *become* so when drums and trumpets leave prompting and turn to complimenting feats of arms. So that the sense of the whole is well stated by Mr. Verplanck: "Let trumpets and drums cease to sound, when they become flatterers in the field. Let falsehood and flattery have the rule in courts and cities, where even steel becomes soft as the parasite's silk. But let martial music be the prelude only to war."—H. N. H.

I mean to stride your steed; and at all times 71
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

71–73. That is, "he will endeavor to support the honorable distinction conferred upon him, to the fair extent of his power."—H. N. H.

82–87. The Poet found this incident thus related in *Plutarch:* "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave." This is all there is said of the matter.—H. N. H.

Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot: 90
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X

The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so I think should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements, 10
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his: mine emulation

2. *"good condition"*; good terms.—C. H. H.

Hath not that honor in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor 's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

13. *"where"* for *whereas.*—H. N. H.

19. That is, "my valour, to reach his life, shall lose its nature, cease to be generous in respect of time and means."—In the next line, the meaning is, *"he* being naked, sick."—H. N. H.

25. That is, in my own house under my brother's protection.—Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks as follows: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius' character." This comment is commented on by Mr. Verplanck thus: "Such a criticism from Coleridge is worthy the reader's consideration, but I cannot myself perceive its justice. . . . The mortification of defeat embitters Aufidius' rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life."

Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you— 30
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Certainly, both these comments are very fine. For ourselves, however, we can discover in the speech nothing more than the natural extravagance of a generous, but most ambitious and very inconstant mind, writhing under an agony of extreme disappointment. In such cases, dark thoughts of revenge often bubble up in the mind from an unseen depth, yet do not crystallize into character.—H. N. H.

31. In 1588 four corn mills were built on the south side of the Thames by the Corporation of London, close to the Globe Theater.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Aye, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 10

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

17. *"In . . . poor in"*; so, likewise, in a Letter from Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, found among the Weymouth

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all. 20

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud? 30

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could! 40

manuscripts, and quoted by Malone: "I did earnestly inquire of hym *in* what estate he stood *in* for discharge of his former debts."—H. N. H.

42–45. *"O that,"* etc.; alluding to the fable, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.—H. N. H.

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can 't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it

57–59. *"one that converses,"* etc.; rather a late lier down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labor's Lost:* "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."—H. N. H.

66. *"the ass in compound,"* etc.; an element of the fool in all you say.—C. H. H.

71. *"map of my microcosm";* according to the theory of the early Mystic philosophers, man was a microcosm or epitome of creation; and the universe a macrocosm, or man on a grand scale. Bacon

that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous sub-

(*Ad. of Learning,* bk. ii.) mentions "the ancient opinion that man was *microcosmus,* an abstract or model of the world."—C. H. H.

87–88. *"set up the bloody flag";* that is, declare war against patience.—H. N. H.

97–99. So in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence."—H. N. H.

jects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging 100 of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen 110 of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Aye, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation. 120

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vir. } *Val.* } Nay 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't. 130

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't. 140

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would 150

134. *"Galen";* divers critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. We leave it for others to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy.—H. N. H.

144. *"On's brows";* that is, *"he brings victory* on his brows"; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the *oaken garland.* Volumnia's thoughts stick upon Menenius's question,—"Brings a' victory in his pocket?" and she takes no notice of the words,—"The wounds become him."—H. N. H.

not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him. 160

Men. Wondrous! aye, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there 170 will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] 180 Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before

him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves
tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men
die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honor follows Coriolanus. 190
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honor newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail! 200

186. That is, he has but to lift up his hand and let it fall, and men sink beneath it.—H. N. H.

200. By *"gracious silence"* is probably meant, "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my
sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home:
And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could
weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy.
Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on 's heart, 210
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of
men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that
will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, war-
riors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour:* "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful, acceptable,* in the sense of the Italian *gratiato.*—H. N. H.

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head, 220
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honors.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights 230
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed

233. "*chats,*" is changed to *cheers* in Collier's second folio. To this Mr. Singer objects, that "*cheers* is never used by Shakespeare in the sense of *applauding*"; and he proposes to read *claps*. It seems to us that *chats* is just the right word, as it agrees precisely with *prattling*. Of course, "she *chats* him" means "she *makes him the theme* of chat."—H. N. H.

With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames 240
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners for whom we stand but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget 253
With the least cause these his new honors; which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,

250. *"end," i. e.* to where he should end.—I. G.

256. *"proud to do 't,"* is the same as "proud of doing it."—H. N. H.

259. *"The napless vesture of humility";* this refers to the "cus-

Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him, 263
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred 270
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested

tom," described by Plutarch, for suitors to wear a single garment only.—C. H. H.

267. *"as our good wills"*; that is, as our interest requires; *"wills"* being a verb.—H. N. H.

271. *"to 's power"*; that is, to *the utmost* of his power.—H. N. H.

At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want, 280
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended, 290
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

280. *"touch,"* Hanmer's emendation; Ff., *"teach"*; Theobald, *"reach."*—I. G.

288–289. *"matrons flung gloves,"* etc.; here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honor of the successful combatant.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as

23. *"discover"*; prove.—C. H. H.

that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. 30 40

First Off. No more of him; he 's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that

31. *"bonneted"* is commonly explained as meaning to *take off* the cap or bonnet in token of humility. Knight, however, thinks, and with apparent justice, that the context requires the opposite meaning, thus: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as theirs who, using the arts of popularity, *put on* the cap of office and patrician dignity, without doing any thing further to earn it."—H. N. H.

Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report 50
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember
With honors like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state 's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*]
Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented 60
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people; 70
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.
First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honors' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down. 80
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held

89–91. *"It is held that valor,"* etc.; this thought was evidently

That valor is the chiefest virtue and 90
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, 100
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;

borrowed from *Plutarch:* "Now, in those daies, valiantnes was honored in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other speciall vertues besides."—H. N. H.

101. *"struck him on his knee";* not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee.* —H. N. H.

107. To *lurch* is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman:* "You have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland."* Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary,* 1679, has "A *lurch,* duplex palma, facilis victoria."—H. N. H.

And by his rare example made the coward 110
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his: 120
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honors
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at, 130
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less

111. *"weeds"*; so in the first folio; in the second *"weeds"* is changed to *waves,* which is preferred by some editors.—H. N. H.

116. *"was timed"*; that is, the cries of the dying *keep time with* his every motion.—H. N. H.

117. *"mortal"*; *i. e.* to anyone who entered it alone,—in the thought of those who looked on.—C. H. H.

Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains 140
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,

133. *"misery"* for *avarice,* because *miser* signifies *avaricious.*—H. N. H.

142. *"that custom";* Plutarch tells that suitors went in a *toga* —the principal and peculiarly Roman garment—without a *tunica,* or woolen sleeveless undergarment. North translated Amyot's rendering of this, "un robbe simple, sans saye dessoules," by "a simple gown . . . without any coat under it."—C. H. H.

Your honor with your form.

Cor. It is a part 150
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honor. 159

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!

[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

150. "*your form*" is the form which custom prescribes to you.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colored: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of

4–5. "*power*" in the first instance here means *natural power,* or *force,* and *then moral power,* or *right.*—H. N. H.

one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly? 30

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: 40 you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. 50 He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own

tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds! 60
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace. 70

66–67. "*virtues Which our divines lose by 'em,*" *i. e.* "which our divines preach to men in vain"; but the line is possibly corrupt.—I. G.

This use of the term "*divines*" has been set down as another anachronism. No doubt it is so. And so in North's *Plutarch* we often find that the ancient Greeks and Romans had *bishops* among them. The Poet simply uses the language of his time to represent what has been done at all times.—H. N. H.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Aye, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging. 80

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy 90 voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

77. *"but"*; F. 3 and F. 4 print *not* for F. 1 *"but."*—C. H. H.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma? 100

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have 110 my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country. 120

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,

121. *"seal"*; I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The *"seal"* is that which ratifies or completes a writing.—H. N. H.

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here;
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear, 129
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honor go
To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here comes moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six 141
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:

128. *"woolvish toge";* Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone; F. 1 reads *"Wooluish tongue";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Woolvish gowne";* Capell, *"wolfish gown";* Mason conj. *"woollen gown,"* or *"foolish gown";* Beckett conj. *"woolish gown";* Steevens' conj. *"woolvish tongue";* Grant White conj. *"foolish togue";* Clarke, (?) *"wool'nish," i. e. "woolenish."*—I. G.

This use of *wolvish* has been most variously argued and discussed. We believe it to be nothing less nor more than a simple allusion to the scriptural figure of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Not by any means that the Poet meant to make Coriolanus call himself a wolf; but he regards the figure in question merely as a general image of one trying to seem what he is not; and so makes the speaker apply it to himself simply as one who stands there clad in "the napless vesture of humility," while his heart is full of pride and disdain towards the part he is acting, and towards those whose suffrage he is asking. Brutus expresses the same thing afterwards: "With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds."—H. N. H.

Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! 150

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir. 160

Cor. That I 'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I 'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks

'Tis warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir. 169

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private; 180
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state, 192
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less 200
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

188. *"ignorant"*; that is, why did you lack the wit to discern it?—H. N. H.

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article 210
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again, 220
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke 232
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay 240
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labor'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Aye, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country, 250
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,

251–259. *"and what stock,"* etc.; Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in *Plutarch,* from whence this passage is taken: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprong many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by con-

The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence
came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend 261
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard, 270

duits. Censorinus *came of that familie,* that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by acqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakespeare confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.—H. N. H.

257–259. *Vide* Preface.—I. G.

Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely 10
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices? 30

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule, 40
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds, 50
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass

48–49. *"Not unlike,"* etc.; that is, likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent, "Why, then, should I be consul?"—H. N. H.

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely 60
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

60. The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.—H. N. H.

69–71. The thought is from North's *Plutarch:* "Moreover, he said that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people."—H. N. H.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people, 80
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. 'Shall'! 90
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but

90. *"from the canon"*; an infraction of the rule; the tribunes have acted *ultra vires* in declaring what is to be, without the consent of the people.—C. H. H.

93. *"Hydra here"*; *i. e.* "the many-headed multitude"; so Ff. 2.—I. G.

The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

98–101. *I. e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).—I. G.

110. It has been remarked that there was never a constitution which looks more unworkable on paper than the Roman. But the Romans had a genius for government, which prevented deadlocks.—C. H. H.

Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn 120
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valor, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest 131
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase

121. *"recompense"*; that is, the recompense due from us to them. We learn from Mr. Collier, that in a copy of the fourth folio, which once belonged to Southern, *"our"* is changed to *their*. But it seems indifferent whether the reading be, *our* recompense *to* them, or *their* recompense *from* us.—H. N. H.

The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more: 140
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet; 150
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic

154. *"jump";* Mr. Singer has lately set forth, with much confidence, an opinion, which we were at first inclined to adopt, that *jump* in this place is a misprint for *imp*. *Imp* is a term in falconry, and signifies, primarily to graft or insert feathers into the damaged wing of a hawk; and so runs into a secondary meaning of to repair or restore by artificial means. He says of *jump* that "nothing can be made of it." Mr. Singer is entitled to more respect than he sometimes shows towards others who are not less worthy of it than

That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't. 161

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

himself. As explained and confirmed by our quotations, to *jump* a body is just the very thing that would needs be done by using *dangerous physic;* nor is anything more natural or more common than to use such physic in cases where the patient is "sure of death without it." In other words, the sense of *risk* agrees much better with the context here, than that of *mend.*—H. N. H.

159. *"integrity"* seems to be here used in its primitive sense of *wholeness,* or *entireness.*—H. N. H.

170–171. "Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must*

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, &c. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens! 180

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,*
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'
'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'
'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay! hold! peace!'

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.
Confusion 's near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes 190
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.

be meet, that is, *shall be done,* and put an end at once to the tribunitian power."—H. N. H.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let 's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city. 200
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power 210
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

213. *"the rock Tarpeian"*; a precipice on the Capitol, whence criminals were thrown.—C. H. H.

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace!
Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways, 220
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No, I 'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230
All will be naught else.
Sec. Sen. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast;

230. "*your*"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "*our.*"—I. G.

We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
First Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—
Men. Be gone: 240
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone: 250
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request

242. *"One time will owe another"*; "Another time will offer when you may be quits with them." There is a common proverb, "One good turn deserves another."—H. N. H.

With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. 260

[*A noise within.*

Here 's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know 270

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
Sic. Consul! what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul! 280
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

275. *"Do not cry havoc";* this signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the *Statutes and Ordynaunces of Warre,* 1513: "That no man be so hardy as to crye *havoke,* upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll."—H. N. H.

Men. Now the good gods forbid 290
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country; 301
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honor'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We 'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

293. *"Jove's own book"*; a Jewish not a Roman idea.—C. H. H.
304. *"clean kam"* appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam;* of which word Holland's *Plutarch* furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim kam,* and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills."—H. N. H.

The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars 320
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer. 330
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I 'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
A Patrician. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woolen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up 12
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,

16. *"O, sir, sir, sir"*; in Mr. Collier's second folio this is altered to,

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Aye, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!

"O, *son, son, son!*" which is certainly a plausible, perhaps an admissible change.—H. N. H.

21. *"thwartings of"*; Theobald's reading; Ff., *"things of"*; Rowe, *"things that thwart"*; Wright conj. *"things that cross."*—I. G.

24. *"Aye, and burn too"*; the Folios give this speech to Volumnia; but modern editors, arguing that she is advising patience, take it from her. Yet her point of view is quite clear. She despises and hates the plebeians as much as Coriolanus can, but she would choose her own time to show her wrath.—C. H. H.

29–31. This speech certainly appears very elliptical as it stands. In

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble, 40
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor in your wars to seem

Mr. Collier's second folio a whole line is supplied to complete the sense, thus:

> "I have a heart as little apt as yours
> *To brook control without the use of anger;*
> But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
> To better vantage."

Which, though not admissible into the text, forms a good comment on it, and brings out the right meaning. Mr. Singer thinks it probable "that the word *apt* has been misprinted for *soft.*"—H. N. H.

32. *"to the herd"*; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"to the heart"*; Collier MS., *"o' th' heart,"* etc.—I. G.

The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war, since that to both 50
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words, 59
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honor. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,

55. *"roted"*; the old copy reads *roated.* Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should be *rooted:* we have no example of *roted* for *got by rote,* but it is much in Shakespeare's manner of forming expressions.—H. N. H.

56. *"though but bastards and syllables"*; Capell, *"but bastards"*; Seymour conj. *"although but bastards, syllables"*; Badham conj. *"thought's bastards, and but syllables."*—I. G.

64. *"I am in this"*; Warburton, "In this advice I speak as your wife, your son," etc.—I. G.

For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 71
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry 79
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

69. *"that want"; i. e.* the want of that inheritance.—I. G.

78. *"Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart"*; Johnson, *"With often,"* etc.; Capell, *"And often"*; Staunton conj. *"While often"*; Nicholson conj. *"Whiles-often"*; Warburton, *"Which soften."*—I. G.

That is, "which often *do*—thus,—correcting thy stout heart." Of course at the word *thus* she waves her head several times, acting out the verb while omitting it in her speech, and so making a practical illustration of what she would have him do. Commentators have stumbled much at the passage, from not knowing what to do with *which.* All becomes clear enough, when we thus make *which* to be governed, not by the *verbal sign* of the action, but by the action itself.—H. N. H.

If the text is right, "humble" must be an imperative. "Humble (your head), correcting thy pride with submissive gestures, like these." The passage barely yields sense; but of the many alterations proposed (such as Johnson's "with" for "which") none can be called convincing. Prof. Littledale proposes instead of "often," "offer" (as if for decapitation).—C. H. H.

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled; although I know thou hadst rather 90
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirt.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart 100
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't;

Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't: 110
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't; 120
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor

Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: 130
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Aye, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt*

125–127. *"let . . . stoutness"*; the meaning probably is, "let me suffer the worst that thy pride can bring upon me, rather than thus live in fear of what will grow from thy obstinacy."—H. N. H.

Scene III

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He 's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius and those senators
That always favor'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready. 10
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes. 30

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Aye, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honor'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!

29. *"which looks,"* etc.; which promises with our aid to break his neck.—C. H. H.

35. *"among's,"* *i. e.* among us; F. 1, *"amongs"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"amongst you"*; Pope, *"amongst you"*; Capell, *"among us."*—I. G.

Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people. 39
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show 50
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

36. *"throng,"* Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Ff., *"Through."*—I. G.
55. *"accents,"* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"actions."*—I. G.

But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonor'd that the very hour 60
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in 71
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even this, 80
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,

I say it shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—
Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—
Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?
Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate 120
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still

127–133. *"Have the power . . . blows";* Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders,* till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves;* so that for want of those capable of conducting their defense, they may fall

To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves, 130
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus Cominius, Menenius, Senators and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard 140
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*

an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them without a struggle.—H. N. H.

130. *"not";* Capell's correction of Ff., *"but."*—I. G.

133–135. *"Despising,"* etc.; "It is remarkable that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one that he might have borrowed from this speech:—*'The people cannot see, but they can feel.'* It is not much to the honor of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

7–9. *"fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning"; i. e.* "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, *"gently warded"*; Hanmer, *"greatly warded"*; Collier MS., *"gentle-minded."*—I. G.

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother. 20
I 'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

30. The *"fen"* is the dragon's pestilential abode, which is talked of and shunned.—H. N. H.
32. *"common,"* has *hazards* understood.—H. N. H.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth 40
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall 51
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let 's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years

33. *"first"* is used here, apparently, in the sense of *noblest.*—H. N. H.

36. *"exposture"*; doubtless a misprint for *exposure.*—H. N. H

49. That is, of true metal. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'ld with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she 's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way. 10

Vol. O, ye 're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods

11. *"hoarded"*; stored up for future vengeance.—C. H. H.

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?

Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Aye, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens! 20

Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I 'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!
He 'ld make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

16. *"Are you mankind?"*; that is, "are you a *man?*" implying, of course, that she is somewhat viraginous. She kills the insult by ignoring it, choosing to understand him as asking whether she be *human.*—H. N. H.

Vol. "As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all."

Coriolanus. Act 4, Scene 2.

Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country 30
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son— 40
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself, 50

And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exit.*

Scene III

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favor is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike

preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division. 20

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished! 30

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country. 40

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in 50

the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10
Cit. This, here, before you.
Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

23. *"My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon"*; Capell's emendation. F. 1 reads, *"My Birth-place have I, and my loues upon"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon"*; F. 4, *"My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon"*; Pope, *"My birth-place have I and my lovers left"*; Becket conj. *"My country have I and my lovers lost,"* etc.—I. G.

Scene V

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here 's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

10–11. That is, in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.—H. N. H.

Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.
Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.
Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon. 20

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow 's this?
First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*
Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
Third Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman. 30
Third Serv. A marvelous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.
Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*
Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.* 40
Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.
Third Serv. Under the canopy!
Cor. Aye.
Third Serv. Where 's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows!
What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with
daws too?
Cor. No, I serve not thy master. 50
Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my
master?
Cor. Aye; 'tis an honester service than to med-
dle with thy mistress:
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy
trencher, hence!
[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?
Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like
a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.
[*Retires.*
Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?
thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy
name? 60
Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost
not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name?
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Cor. "My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief;"

Coriolanus. Act 4, Scene 5.

Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what 's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet? 70

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains: 80
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers, 90
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge

67. *"appearance"*; F. 1, *"apparance"* (probably the recognized form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time).—I. G.

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes 100
Thou 'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live and most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter 110
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'Tis true,' I 'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest

117. *"anvil of my sword"*; he calls Coriolanus the *anvil of his*

As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man 121
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me; 130
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, 140
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

sword, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.—H. N. H.

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in: 150
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

First Serv. Here 's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me 160 about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply 170 the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.
Sec. Serv. Who? my master?
First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.
Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.
First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.
Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defense of a town, our 180 general is excellent.
First Serv. Aye, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!
First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let 's partake.
Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.
First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?
Third Serv. Why, here 's he that was wont to 190 thwack our general, Caius Marcius.
First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?
Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.
Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.
First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Corioli he 200

scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself 210 makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd. 220

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he 's in directitude.

211. *"sanctifies himself"*; considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress.—H. N. H.

227. *"directitude"*; probably meant as a blunder for *discreditude;* the servant endeavoring to say something very grand and fine. Collier's second folio unnecessarily changes it to *dejectitude.*—H. N. H.

First Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him. 230

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently: you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers. 240

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds. 250

First Serv. Aye, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Rome. A public place.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.
Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius? 10
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!
Sic. God-den, our neighbors. 20
Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.
First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.
Citizens. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent, 30
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumorer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been 50
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going

All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, 61
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't. 70

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news? 80
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonor'd to your noses,—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing 90
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

94. *"butterflies"*; the repetition, otherwise irritating, of "flies" in the next line, makes it possible that Shakespeare used here the form "butterflee," found in Drayton, *Mus. Elys.* viii., rhyming with "be" (L.).—C. H. H.

98. *"the breath of garlic-eaters"*; to smell of *garlic* was a brand

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work! 100
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Aye; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face

of vulgarity; as to smell of leeks was no less so among the Roman people.—H. N. H.

100. *"shake down mellow fruit"*; a ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.—H. N. H.

105. *"constant"*; confirmed.—C. H. H.

112–114. *"They charg'd and therein show'd,"* has here the force of "they would charge, and therein show."—H. N. H.

To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it. 120

Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defense,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at 131
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.
First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity. 140
Sec. Cit. And so did I.
Third. Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O, aye, what else?
[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have 151
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.
Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie! 161
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature 10
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too: 30
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honors even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving

34. *"as is the osprey";* referring to the power of fascination formerly attributed to the osprey. This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's *Poly-Olbion,* Song xxv.:

"The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw."
—H. N. H.

41. *"nature, not to be other,"* etc.; his unbending temperament.—C. H. H.

42–43. *"not moving from the caeque to the cushion";* Aufidius as-

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time; 50
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.

signs three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion,* or *chair of civil authority;* but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war (Johnson).—H. N. H.

46. *"not all";* in their full extent.—H. N. H.

49. *"to choke it in the utterance";* but such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults.—H. N. H.

49–53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect—"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.—I. G.

"our virtues lie," etc.; our reputation for virtue is in the hands of our contemporaries; and power, confident of its own merits, has no more obvious road to ruin than by proclaiming them. This I think the clear sense. But some commentators prefer to understand the whole as a tribute to Coriolanus, taking "tomb" in the sense of "monument."—C. H. H.

55. *"fouler";* Dyce's ingenious reading, *"falter,"* is the best conjectural emendation of the line.—I. G.

Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

5. *"knee";* so in the original. Modern editions generally have demented the expression by turning *knee* into *kneel.* Of course, to *knee* one's way is to go on one's *knees,* as to *foot* one's way is to go on one's *feet.*—H. N. H.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had banish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offense.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: 30
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

16–17. That is, destroyed a noble *memorial* of Rome by expatriating the great fame and services of Coriolanus. The original gives the passage thus, precisely:

"A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory."—H. N. H.

Men. No, I 'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do 40
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I 'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined: 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,

50. "This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings" (Warburton).—H. N. H.

56. *"priest-like fasts";* the Poet here attributes to the old Romans the modern customs of the Romish Church; by whose discipline the priests are forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day.—H. N. H.

And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him, 60
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:

63. "The ambassadors that were sent were Marcius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for at their coming they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty" (North).—C. H. H.

69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as *"to what he would not,"* unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.—I. G.

The transaction is obscurely described. Apparently it is thus. Coriolanus indicates what he will concede, and binds himself by oath to concede nothing more.—C. H. H.

So that all hope is vain, 70
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?
Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
First Sen. From whence?
Men. From Rome.
First Sen. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good, my friends,

70–72. That is, "unless there be hope *in* his noble mother and his wife"; or perhaps the construction should be thus: "Unless his noble mother and his wife solicit him for mercy to his country; who, as I hear, mean *to do so.*"—H. N. H.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks 10
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of 30 your general.

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

13. *"passable";* is no pass-word here.—C. H. H.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he 40 does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? 50 No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimations.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half- 60 pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand

for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,

82. *"your"*; so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4, *"our."*—I. G.

91–92. *"though I owe My revenge properly"*; *i. e.* "though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians."—I. G.

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*]
Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 102

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! 110 [*Exit.*

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. 120

[*Exeunt.*

113. *"die by himself"*; that is, by his own hands.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.
Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father, 10
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

3. *"how plainly"* is how *openly,* how remotely from artifice or concealment.—H. N. H.

Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should 30
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plow Rome, and harrow Italy: I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now 40

I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show 51
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle

46. *"by the jealous queen of heaven"*; Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.—H. N. H.
65. *"The moon of Rome"*; Luna was identified with Diana and

That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never

was hence the goddess of chastity. The "chaste," "cold" moon belongs to classic, the "fickle" ("lunish") moon to mediæval, folklore. —C. H. H.

67. *"dear Valeria";* a lady named Valeria was one of the great examples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle ages. The following lines, from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice,* deserve to be cited here:

> "Thou art chaste
> As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
> Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,
> Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."
> —H. N. H.

71. *"supreme Jove";* this is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.—H. N. H.

80. *"The thing I have forsworn,"* etc.; *i. e.* in saying no, I shall not be refusing *your* request, as such, but merely observing my oath to refuse any.—C. H. H.

Vol. "O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;"

Coriolanus. Act 5, Scene 3.

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me 81
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow; 100
Making the mother, wife and child, to see
The son, the husband and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find 111
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm of having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts 121
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Aye, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman 's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130

I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honor: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,
'This we received;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thow know'st, great son, 140
The end of war 's uncertain, but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man

152. *"charge";* so Theobald for Ff., "change."—C. H. H.

Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There 's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life 160
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honor. Say my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride 170
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors. Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire, 181
And then I 'll speak a little.
[*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was moved withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!
Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor 200
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work

201–202. *"out of that,"* etc.; "I will take advantage of this to regain my former credit and power."—H. N. H.

Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Aye, by and by:—
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man? 10

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon:

he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes; 20 when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what 30 mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house: 40

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,

25. *"made for"*; that is, as one made to resemble Alexander.—H. N. H.

And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?
Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?
Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? 51
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

56. *"Make the sun dance";* alluding to the belief that the sun danced on Easter Day; *cf.* Sir John Suckling—

"she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight."—C. H. H.

A sea and land full. You have pray'd well today: 60
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! [*Music still, with shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction

Most welcome!
First Con. How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'ed,
And with his charity slain.
Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits 20
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost 28
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, served his designments
In mine own person, holp to reap the fame

36–37. *"reap the fame which he did end"*; that is, which he *in the* end *did make* all his. We are not a little moved to adopt in this place a change proposed by Singer, as *reap* and *end* seem to mean the same thing, whereas the context clearly requires words of different meanings. Mr. Collier's second folio having changed *end* to *ear,* Singer remarks thereupon as follows: "The substitution of *ear* for *end* is a good emendation of an evident misprint, but the correctors have only half done their work: *ear,* that is, plough, and *reap* should change places; or Aufidius is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while Coriolanus had all the labour of ploughing." The reading would then be,—"Holp to *ear* the fame which he did

Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if 40
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvel'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post, 50
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,

reap all his." The passage, however, makes tolerable sense as it stands, and therefore we retain it.—H. N. H.

40. *"waged"*; the verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend, to reward.* The meaning is, "the countenance he gave me was a kind of *wages.*" So in Heywood's *Wise Woman of Hogsdon:* "I receive thee gladly to my house, and *wage* thy stay."—H. N. H.

Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords. 60

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him. 70

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colors; the commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,

67–68. *"answering us with our own charge"*; that is, making the cost of the war its recompense.—H. N. H.

That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honor to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Aye, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Aye, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli? 90
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't. 120

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My

102. *"No more"*; that is, "no more" than a "boy of tears."—H. N. H.

daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.'
'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds-in
This orb o' the earth. His last offenses to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on his body.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors

126–127. *"his fame folds in this orb"*; his fame overspreads the world.—H. N. H.

To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver 141
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he 152
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.*

155. *"memory"*; here again we have *memory* used for *memorial.*—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abated, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. *"abased"*); III. iii. 132.

Absolute, perfect; IV. v. 143.

Abused, deceived; III. i. 58.

Addition, title; I. ix. 66.

Advanced, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.

Affect, desire, aim at; II. ii. 24.

Affecting, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.

Affection, inclination, tendency; I. i. 113.

Affections, inclinations, desires; I. i. 187.

Affects, aims at; III. iii. 1.

Afric, Africa; I. viii. 3.

After, afterwards; II. ii. 58.

After your way, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.

Against, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.

Age, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.

Ages, time, life; III. i. 7.

Alarum, call to arms; II. ii. 82.

All, any; III. i. 144.

——, "all gaze;" the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 9.

——, "all our lamentation"; *i. e.* "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.

Allaying, tempering, diluting; II. i. 54.

Allow, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.

Allowance, acknowledgment; III. ii. 57.

Amazonian chin, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 97.

An, if; II. i. 150.

Ancient, old, former; IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 253; IV. v. 103.

Anon, at once; II. iii. 155.

Answer, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.

——, take advantage; II. iii. 273.

——, punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.

Answering, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.

Antiates, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.

Antique, old; II. iii. 132.

Appeared, apparent; (Hanmer, *"affeer'd"*; Warburton, *"appeal'd"*; Jackson conj. *"apparel'd"*); IV. iii. 9.

Approbation, "upon your a.," for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 158.

Apron-men, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.

Apt, susceptible; III. ii. 29.

Arabia, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.

Are to, belong to; I. i. 283.

Arithmetic, calculation; III. i. 245.

Arm yourself, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.

Arriving, having reached; II. iii. 195.
Article, condition; II. iii. 210.
Articulate, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
As, as if; I. i. 22; I. i. 223.
——, as that; II. i. 256.
——, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
Assembly (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 165.
Assistance, persons assisting; (Hanmer, *"assistants"*; Walker, *"assistancy"*); IV. vi. 33.
At, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
At a word, in a word, in short; I. iii. 126.
At home, in my own home; I. x. 25.
Atone, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
At point, on the point of; III. i. 194.
Attach, arrest; III. i. 175.
Attend, listen; I. ix. 4.
——, await; II. ii. 166.
Attended, waited for; I. x. 30.
Attends, awaits; I. i. 84.
Auburn, probably flaxen; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Abram"*); II. iii. 22.
Audible, quick of hearing; IV. v. 244.
Augurer, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
Austerity and garb, austere demeanor; IV. vii. 44.
Authority, those in power; I. i. 16.
Avoid, quit; IV. v. 26.
——, get you gone; IV. v. 35.

Baes, cries *ba;* II. i. 12.
Bald, senseless; III. i. 165.
——, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 210.
Bale, harm, injury; "must have b.," "must get the worst of it;" I. i. 173.
Bare; "a b. petition,"= a mere petition; V. i. 20.
Bats, heavy sticks; I. i. 61.
Batten, grow fat; IV. v. 36.
Battle, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
Beam; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
Beard to beard, face to face; I. x. 11.
Bear the knave, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
Because that, because; III. ii. 52.
Bemock, intensive form of *mock;* I. i. 267.
Be naught, be lost; III. i. 231.
Bended, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 290.
Be off, take my hat off; II. iii. 112.
Be put, come; III. i. 233.
Best, *i. e.* best, chief men; I. ix. 77.
Bestrid, bestrode, *i. e.* stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 98.
Be that I am, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
Bewray, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
Bisson conspectuities, purblind powers of sight; (Ff. 1, 2, *"beesome"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"beesom"* and *"Besom"*); II. i. 73.
Bleeding, *i. e.* "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 90.
Bless'd, happy; II. ii. 64.
Bless from, preserve from; I. iii. 51.
Blood, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
Blown, swollen; V. iv. 52.
Bolted, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
Bonnet, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.

Bonneted, *i. e.* unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets; (Johnson conj. *"unbonnetted"*); II. ii. 31.

Bosom multiplied, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.

Botcher, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 102.

Bountiful, bountifully; II. iii. 115.

Brand, stigma; III. i. 304.

Brawn, brawny or muscular part of the arm; IV. v. 127.

Break his neck, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.

Breathe you, take breath; I. vi. 1.

Briefly, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.

Broils, wars; III. ii. 81.

Broke, broken; IV. iv. 19.

Brow-bound, crowned; II. ii. 104.

Budge, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.

Bulks, the projecting parts of shop on which goods were exposed for sale; II. i. 235.

Bussing, kissing; III. ii. 75.

By, at; I. vi. 5.

——, in comparison with; I. x. 18.

——, next to, near; III. i. 101.

Cambric, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 98.

Came off, escaped; II. ii. 118.

Canker'd, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 98.

Canopy, *i. e.* the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 42.

Capital, deadly; V. iii. 104.

Capitulate, make terms; V. iii. 82.

Caps and legs, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 80.

Carbonado, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 201.

Casque, helmet; IV. vii. 43.

Catched, caught; I. iii. 72.

Cats, a term of contempt; (Collier MS. *"Curs"*; Staunton conj. *"Bats"*; Gould conj. *"Rats"*); IV. ii. 34.

Cause, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 208.

——, quarrel; III. i. 235.

——, "as c. will be obeyed," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.

Cautelous, crafty; IV. i. 33.

Censure, judgment; I. i. 278.

——, sentence; III. iii. 46.

Censured, estimated; II. i. 24.

Centuries, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.

Centurions, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 49.

Chafed, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.

Change of honors, fresh honors, variety of honors; (Theobald, *"charge"*); II. i. 223.

Charge, cost; V. vi. 68.

Charg'd, would charge; IV. vi. 112.

Charges, troops, companies; IV. iii. 50.

Charter, privilege; I. ix. 14.

Chats, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 233.

Choice; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.

Choose, fail to; IV. iii. 41.

Chose, chosen; II. iii. 168.

Circumvention, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.

Clapp'd to, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.

CLEAN KAM, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.
CLIP, embrace; I. vi. 29.
CLUCK'D, called, as a hen does; (F. 1, *"clock'd"*); V. iii. 163.
CLUSTERS, mobs; IV. vi. 122.
CLUTCH'D, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.
COCKLE, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.
COG, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.
COIGN, corner; V. iv. 1.
COME OFF, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.
COMFORTABLE, cheerful; I. iii. 2.
COMMANDED, entrusted with a command; I. i. 272.
COMMANDMENT, command; II. iii. 244.
COMMEND, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 151.
COMMON, commons, people; I. i. 161.
COMMON PART, share in common; I. ix. 39.
COMPANIONS, fellows; (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.
COMPLEXIONS, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 237.
COMPOUNDED, agreed; V. vi. 84.
CONCLUDE, decide; III. i. 144.
CONDEMNED, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.
CONDITION, disposition; II. iii. 109.
CONFIRMED, determined, resolute; I. iii. 68.
CONFOUND, waste; I. vi. 17.
CONFUSION, ruin; III. i. 110.
CONIES, rabbits; IV. v. 231.
CONN'D, learned; IV. i. 11.
CONSENT OF, agreement about; II. iii. 26.
CONSTANT, true to my word; I. i. 249.
CONTRIVED, plotted; III. iii. 63.
CONVENTED, convened; II. ii. 60.
CONVERSES, is conversant, associates; II. i. 57.
CORIOLI WALLS, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.
CORMORANT, ravenous; I. i. 131.
COUNTENANCE, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.
COUNTERPOISED, equaled, counterbalanced; II. ii. 93.
COUNTRY (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.
COURAGE, plain speaking; (Collier MS. and Singer MS. *"carriage"*); III. iii. 92.
CRACK, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 78.
CRACKING, breaking; I. i. 78.
CRAFTED FAIR, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.
CRANKS, winding passages; I. i. 147.
CRY, pack; III. iii. 120.
——, proclaim; III. i. 275.
CUDGEL, thick stick; IV. v. 157.
CUNNING, knowledge; IV. i. 9.
CUPBOARDING, hoarding; I. i. 109.
CURDED, congealed; (Ff., *"curded"*; Rowe, *"curdled"*); V. iii. 66.
CYPRESS GROVE, grove of cypress trees; (Ff., *"Cyprus grove"*); I. x. 30.

DANCES, causes to dance; IV. v. 123.
DAWS, jackdaws; (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 49.
DEBILE, weak; I. ix. 48.
DECLINES, falls; II. i. 186.
DEED-ACHIEVING HONOR, honor gained by achievement; II. i. 198.

DELIVER, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 104.
——, show; V. vi. 141.
DELIVER'D, reported; IV. vi. 63.
DEMAND, ask; III. iii. 43.
DEMERITS, merits; I. i. 282.
DESERVED, deserving; III. i. 292.
DESIGNMENTS, designs; V. vi. 35.
DESPITE, spite; III. iii. 139.
DETERMINE, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.
DETERMINED OF, decided, concerning; II. ii. 43.
DEUCALION, the Greek Noah; II. i. 106.
DEVOUR, destroy; I. i. 268.
DIETED, fed up; I. ix. 52.
DIFFERENCY, difference, (so F. 1; F. 2, *"difference"*); V. iv. 12.
DIRECTITUDE, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 227, 228.
DISBENCH'D, drove from your seat; II. ii. 77.
DISCHARGE, perform; (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.
DISCIPLINED, thrashed; II. i. 146.
DISEASE, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 121.
DISGRACE, humiliation; I. i. 103.
DISHONOR'D, dishonorable; III. i. 60.
DISPOSITION, five syllables; I. vi. 74.
DISPROPERTIED, taken away; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"disproportioned"*); II. i. 273.
DISSENTIOUS, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 174.
DISTINCTLY RANGES, stands upright; III. i. 206.
DOIT, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.
DOTANT, dotard; V. ii. 47.
DOUBLETS, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.
DOUBT, fear; III. i. 152.
DRACHMA, an ancient Greek coin; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Drachme"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Drachm"*; Staunton, *"dram"*); I. v. 6.
DROP, shed; I. v. 19.

EACH WAY, in every way; III. i. 49.
EARS; "by the e.," quarreling; I. i. 243.
EDGE, sword; I. iv. 29.
EFFECTED, achieved; I. ix. 18.
EMBARQUEMENTS, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance; (Rowe, *"Embarkments"*; Hanmer, *"Embankments"*; Warburton, *"Embarrments,"* etc.); I. x. 22.
EMBRACEMENTS, embraces; I. iii. 5.
EMPIRICUTIC, quackish, (probably a coined word); (Ff. 1, 2, *"Emperickqutique"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Empericktique"*; Pope, *"Emperic"*; Collier MS. *"Empiric physic"*); II. i. 134.
EMULATION, envious contention; I. i. 224.
END; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis; (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 269.
END ALL HIS, make all his own at last; ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest); V. vi. 37.
ENDURE, remain; I. vi. 58.
ENEMY, (used adjectively; F. 4, *"enemy's"*); IV. iv. 24.
ENFORCE, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 233.
ENTER'D IN, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.

ENTERTAINMENT, engaged for service; IV. iii. 51.
——, reception; IV. v. 10.
ENVIED AGAINST, shown malice, ill-will toward; (Becket conj. *"inveigh'd"*); III. iii. 95.
ENVY, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.
ENVY YOU, show hatred against you; (Keightley, *"envy to you"*); III. iii. 57.
ESTIMATE, worth; III. iii. 114.
EVEN, equably; IV. vii. 37.
EVER, EVER, always the same; II. i. 217.
EXPOSTURE, exposure; IV. i. 36.
EXTOL, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.
EXTREMITIES, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.

FACTIONARY, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.
FACTIONS, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 203.
FAIL IN, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.
FAIR, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.
FAIRNESS, best; I. ix. 73.
FALSELY, treacherously; III. i. 60.
FAME AND ENVY, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.
FANE, temple; I. x. 20.
FATIGATE, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 123.
FAVOR, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.
FEAR, fear for; I. vii. 5.
FEEBLING, weakening; I. i. 205.
FELL, cruel; I. iii. 51.
FELLEST, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.
FIDIUSED, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Ff., *"fiddious'd"*); II. i. 151.
FIELDED, in the field; I. iv. 12.
FILLIP, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
FIRE (dissyllabic); I. i. 201.
FIRES OF HEAVEN, stars; I. iv. 39.
FIRST, first-born; (Heath conj. *"fierce"*; Keightley, *"fairest"*; Cartwright conj. *"dear'st"*); IV. i. 33.
FIT O' THE TIME, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
FIT YOU, fit yourself; II. ii. 148.
FLAMENS, priests; II. i. 238.
FLAW, gust; V. iii. 74.
FLOUTED, mocked; II. iii. 173.
FOB OFF, trick, cheat; I. i. 103.
FOIL'D, defeated; I. ix. 48.
FOLD-IN, enclose; III. iii. 68.
FOND, foolish; IV. i. 26.
FOOL, play the fool; II. iii. 134.
FOR, as for; I. i. 74.
——, against; II. ii. 94.
FORCE, urge; III. ii. 51.
FORE-ADVISED, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 205.
'FORE ME, an oath; probably used instead of *"'fore God"*; I. i. 130.
FORGOT, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
FORSWORN TO GRANT, sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
FORTH, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
——, gone; IV. i. 49.
FOR THAT, because; I. i. 123.
FOSSET-SELLER, seller of fossets or taps; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Forset"*; F. 4, *"Fauset"*); II. i. 82.
FOUR, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
FOXSHIP, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.
FRAGMENTS, a term of contempt; I. i. 232.
FRAME, fashion; III. ii. 84.
FREE, liberal; III. ii. 88.
FREE CONTEMPT, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 214.

FREELIER, more freely; I. iii. 3.
FROM THE CANON, against established rule; (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.
FRONT, confront; V. ii. 44.
FULL QUIT OF, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 90.
FULL THIRD PART, by a full third; V. vi. 78.
FURTHER, further business; II. iii. 187.

GALL'D, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 209.
GAN, began; II. ii. 121.
GANGRENED, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.
GARLAND, crown, glory; I. i. 194.
——, *i. e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 107.
GAVE HIM WAY, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.
GAVE ME, made me suspect; IV. v. 158.
GENERAL LOUTS, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.
GENEROSITY; "to break the heart of g.," *i. e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 221.
GENTRY, gentle birth; III. i. 143.
GIBER, scoffer; II. i. 95.
GIDDY, thoughtless; I. i. 278.
GIRD, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 266.
GIVE, represent; I. ix. 55.
GIVE ME EXCUSE, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 118.
GIVE ME WAY, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.
GIVEN, given the power; III. i. 93.
GODDED, idolized; V. iii. 11.
GOD-DEN, good even (F. 4, "*good-e'en*"); II. i. 108.
GONE, ago; I. ii. 6.
GOOD, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.
——, good quality; I. ix. 32.
——, (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.
GOOD CONDITION, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.
GOOD REPORT, reputation; I. ix. 54.
GOT ON, won from; III. iii. 4.
GRACE, show honor to; V. iii. 15.
GRACIOUS, lovely and loveable; II. i. 200.
GRAINED ASH, rough, tough ashen spear; IV. v. 115.
GRATIFY, requite; II. ii. 46.
GREATER PART, majority; II. iii. 43.
GRIEF-SHOT, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.
GROAT, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.
GUARD; "upon my brother's g.," under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.
GUESS, think, imagine; I. i. 19.
GULF, whirlpool; I. i. 107.

HAD CARRIED, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.
HAD PURPOSE, intended; IV. v. 126.
HALE, haul; V. iv. 42.
HANDKERCHERS, handkerchiefs; II. i. 289.
HANG BY THE WALL, be useless; I. iii. 13.
HAP, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.
HARDLY, with difficulty; V. ii. 79.

HAS, he has; (F. 3, *"Ha's"*; F. 4, *"H'as"*); III. i. 161.
HAVER, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 91.
HAVE STRUCK, have been striking; I. vi. 4.
HAVE THEM INTO, get themselves into; II. ii. 32.
HAVE WITH YOU, I am with you, come on; II. i. 295.
HAVOC, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.
HEAD; "made new head," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.
HEAR HITHER, hear the sound here; I. iii. 35.
HEART, sense; II. iii. 218.
HELMS, those at the helm, *i. e.* the leaders; I. i. 85.
——, helmets; IV. v. 132.
HELPS, remedies; III. i. 221.
HERE, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.
HERETO, hitherto; II. ii. 66.
HIE, hasten; I. ii. 26.
HIM, *i. e.* this one; I. vi. 36.
HINT, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.
HOB AND DICK, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert; (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 129.
HOLD, bear; III. ii. 80.
HOLLOA, cry hollo! after me, pursue; (Ff., *"hollow"*); I. viii. 7.
HOLP, helped; III. i. 277.
HOME, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.
——, thoroughly; "speak him h.," adequately praise him; II. ii. 109.
HONOR'D, honorable; III. i. 72.
HOO, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 122.
HOOP'D, *i. e.* whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 85.
HORSE-DRENCH, physic for a horse; II. i. 136.
HOSPITABLE CANON, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.
HOURS, time; (Rowe (ed. 2), *"honors"*); I. v. 5.
HOUSEKEEPERS, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 58.
HUM, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger; (Qq., *"hem"*); V. i. 49.
HUMOROUS, full of whims and humors; II. i. 52.
HUNGRY, sterile; V. iii. 58.
HUSBANDRY, management; IV. vii. 22.
HUSWIFE, housewife; I. iii. 80.
HYDRA, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.

IMPEDIMENT; "your i.," "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 80.
IMPERFECT, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 55.
IN, of; II. ii. 16.
——, into; II. iii. 270; III. ii. 91.
——, by; III. i. 210.
——, on; III. iii. 102.
INCORPORATE, forming one body; I. i. 140.
INFIRMITY, weakness; "of their i.," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.
INFORMATION, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.
INGRATE, ungrateful; V. ii. 94.
INGRATEFUL, ungrateful; II. ii. 37.
INHERITANCE, possessor; III. ii. 68.

INHERITED, realized, enjoyed; II. i. 224.
INJURIOUS, insulting; III. iii. 69.
INJURY, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.
INNOVATOR, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.
INTERIMS, intervals; I. vi. 5.
INTERJOIN, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.
ISSUES, children; IV. iv. 22.
IT IS, he is; (used contemptuously); IV. v. 48.

JACK GUARDANT, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 67.
JEALOUS QUEEN OF HEAVEN, *i. e.* Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46.
JUDICIOUS, judicial; V. vi. 127.
JUMP, risk, hazard; (Pope, *"vamp"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"imp"*); III. i. 154.

KICK'D AT, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 130.
KNEE, go on your knees; V. i. 6.

LACK'D, had lost; III. ii. 23.
LAMENTATION; "to all our l.," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.
LARUM, alarum, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.
LATE, lately; III. i. 196.
LAY, lodged; I. ix. 82.
LEADS, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.
LEASH, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.
LEASING, falsehood; V. ii. 22.
LEAVE, leave off; I. iii. 99.
LEAVES, leave; IV. v. 140.
LENITY, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.
LESSER, less; (Ff. 1, 2, *"lessen"*; Rowe, *"Less for"*); I. vi. 70.
LESSON'D, taught by us; II. iii. 191.
LET GO, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.
LETS, he lets; II. ii. 17.
LIES, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.
LIES YOU ON, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.
LIEVE, lief, gladly; (Ff. 2, 3, *"live"*; F. 1, *"liue"*; Capell, *"lief"*); IV. v. 188.
LIKE, equal; I. i. 110.
——, likely; I. iii. 16.
LIKING, good opinion, favor; I. i. 205.
LIMITATION, required time; II. iii. 152.
LIST, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.
——, pleasest; III. ii. 128.
LOCKRAM, coarse linen; II. i. 234.
LONG OF YOU, owing to you; V. iv. 32.
'LONGS, belongs; V. iii. 170.
LOOKS, seems likely, promises; (Hanmer, *"works"*); III. iii. 29.
LOSE, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 67.
LOTS TO BLANKS = all the world to nothing; (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.
LOVER, loving friend; V. ii. 14.
LURCH'D, robbed; II. ii. 107.

MADE DOUBT, doubted; I. ii. 18.
MADE FAIR HANDS, made good work; IV. vi. 117.
MADE HEAD, raised an army; II. ii. 92.
MAIMS OF SHAME, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 93.

MAKE A LIP, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 133.
MAKE GOOD, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
MALICE, hatred; II. i. 253.
MALKIN, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 233.
MAMMOCKED, tore in pieces; I. iii. 75.
MAN-ENTERED, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 105.
MANIFEST, notorious; I. iii. 57.
MANKIND, (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
MANY, multitude; (F. 1, *"meynie"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"meyny"*); III. i. 66.
MARK, power; II. ii. 95.
MATCH, bargain; II. iii. 90.
MEASLES, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
MEED, reward; II. ii. 103.
MEMORY, memorial; IV. v. 78.
MERCY; "at m.," at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
MERELY, absolutely; III. i. 305.
MET, are met; (Hanmer, *"meet"*; Capell, *"are met"*; Anon. conj. *"we've met"*); II. ii. 53.
MICROCOSM, little world; II. i. 71.
MINDED, reminded; V. i. 18.
MINNOWS, small fry; III. i. 89.
MIRTH; "our better m.," "our mirth, which would be greater without her company," (Schmidt); I. iii. 121.
MISERY, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 133.
MOCK'D, scoffed at; II. iii. 172.
MODEST, moderate; III. i. 275.
MOE, more; II. iii. 138 .
MONSTER'D, exaggerated; II. ii. 83.
MORE, greater; III. ii. 124.
MORTAL, fatal; II. ii. 117.
——, mortally; V. iii. 189.
MOTION, motive; II. i. 57.
——, "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 59.
MOUNTEBANK THEIR LOVES, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
MOVERS, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
MULL'D, flat, insipid; IV. v. 245.
MULTITUDINOUS TONGUE, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
MUMMERS, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 87.
MUNIMENTS, supplies of war; I. i. 128.
MURRAIN; "a m. on't," a plague upon it; (an oath); I. v. 3.
MUSE, wonder; III. ii. 7.
MUTINERS, mutineers; I. i. 260.
MY HORSE TO YOURS, I'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.

NAME, credit; II. i. 156.
NAPLESS, threadbare; II. i. 259.
NATIVE, origin, source; (Johnson and Heath conj. *"motive"*); III. i. 129.
NATURE, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
NAVEL, center; III. i. 123.
NEEDER, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
NERVES, sinews; I. i. 148.
NERVY, sinewy; II. i. 185.
NEVER-NEEDED; "so n.n.," *i. e.* never so needed; V. i. 34.
NICELY-GAWDED, daintily bedecked; (Lettsom conj. *"nicely-guarded"*); II. i. 242.
NOBLE, nobles; III. i. 29.
NOBLE TOUCH, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.

NOISE AND HORN, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
NOSE, to scent; V. i. 28.
NOT, not only; (Hanmer, *"not only"*); III. iii. 97.
NOTE, notice; I. ix. 49.
NOTHING, not at all; I. iii. 114.
NOTION, understanding; V. vi. 107.
NOW, just; I. ix. 79.

OBJECT, sight; I. i. 21.
OCCUPATION; "the voice of o.," *i. e.* "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
O'ER-BEAT, overwhelm; (Ff., *"o're-beat"*; Rowe, *"o'er-bear"*; Becket conj. *"o'er-bear't"*); IV. v. 138.
O'ER-PEER, rise above; II. iii. 134.
OF, from; II. iii. 251.
——, concerning; I. i. 279.
——, by; I. ii. 13.
OFFER'D, attempted; V. i. 23.
—— about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
OFFICIAL MARKS, tokens of office; II. iii. 154.
ON, of; (Ff. 1, 2, *"one"*); I. ii. 4.
ONCE, once for all; II. iii. 1.
——, once when; II. iii. 17.
ONE DANGER, (?) "constant source of danger"; (Theobald, *"our"*); III. i. 288.
ONLY, sole; I. ix. 36.
ON'S, of his; I. iii. 76.
ON'T, of it; III. i. 152.
OPE, open; I. iv. 43.
OPINION, public opinion; I. i. 281.
OPPOSER, opponent; IV. iii. 38.
OPPOSITE, opponent; II. ii. 24.
ORANGE-WIFE, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 82.
ORDINANCE, rank; III. ii. 12.
OSPREY, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish; (Ff., *"Aspray"*); IV. vii. 34.
OUR, from us; (Hanmer, *"their"*; Ingleby conj. *"for"*; Lettsom conj. *"a"*; Kinnear, *"as"*); III. i. 121.
OUT, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 128.
OUTDARES, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
OUT O' DOOR, out of doors; (F. 1, *"out a doore"*); I. iii. 124.
OUT OF; "out of daily fortune," *i. e.* "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
OVERTA'EN, come up with, equaled; I. ix. 19.
OWE, own; III. ii. 130.
OWE YOU, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.

PALATES; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savors most of theirs; (Johnson, *"must palate"*); III. i. 104.
PALTERING, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
PARCEL, part; IV. v. 236.
PARCELS, portions; I. ii. 32.
PART, side; I. x. 7.
PARTED, departed; V. vi. 73.
PARTICIPATE = participating; I. i. 112.
PARTICULAR, personal; IV. v. 93.
——, private interest; IV. vii. 13.
——, personal relation; V. i. 3.
PARTICULARIZE, specify, emphasize; I. i. 22.
PARTICULARS; "by p.," one by one; II. iii. 51.
PARTY, side, part; I. i. 244.
PASS, pass by, neglect; II. ii. 145.

PAST DOUBT, without doubt; II. iii. 271.
PATIENCE; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 85.
PAWN'D, pledged; V. vi. 21.
PENELOPE, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.
PENT, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
PERCEIVE'S, perceive his; II. ii. 162.
PEREMPTORY, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
PESTERING, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
PHYSICAL, salutary; I. v. 19.
PICK, pitch; I. i. 210.
PIECE, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
——, add to; II. iii. 226.
PIERCING, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 92.
PIKES, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitchforks; (used with play on both senses); I. i. 24.
PLACE; "his p.," *i. e.* the consulship; II. i. 172.
PLEASE IT, if it please; V. vi. 140.
PLEBEII, plebeians; (Rowe, *"plebeians"*); II. iii. 198.
PLOT; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
POINTS, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
POISON, destroy; V. ii. 94.
POLL, number, counted by heads; (Ff., *"pole"*); III. i. 134.
POLLED, bared, cleared; (originally *cut the hair*); IV. v. 220.
POOREST, smallest; III. iii. 32.
PORTANCE, bearing, demeanor; II. iii. 238.
PORTS, gates; I. vii. 1.
POSSESSED, informed; II. i. 153.
POST, messenger; V. vi. 50.
POT; "to the p.," to certain death; I. iv. 47.
POTCH, poke; I. x. 15.
POTHER, uproar; II. i. 243.
POUND UP, shut up as in a pound; I. iv. 17.
POWER, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
POW, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 164.
PRACTICE, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
PRANK THEM, deck themselves; (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
PRECIPITATION, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
PREPARATION, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
PRESENT, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
——, immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
PRESENTLY, immediately, at once; IV. v. 234.
PRESS'D, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
PRETENSES, intentions; I. ii. 20.
PROGENY, race; I. viii. 12.
PRONOUNCE, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
PROOF; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
PROPER, own; I. ix. 57.
PROPERLY, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 92.
PROUD; "p. to be"=proud of being; I. i. 269.
PROVAND, provender; (Pope, *"provender"*); II. i. 276.
PROVE, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
PULING, whining, whimpering; IV. ii. 52.
PUPIL AGE, pupilage, minority; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Pupil-age"*); II. ii. 104.
PURPOSE; "our p. to them," of

announcing our intention to them (*i. e.,* the people); II. ii. 158.

PUT IN HAZARD, risked; II. iii. 270.

PUT UPON, incited, urged; II. i. 281.

PUT YOU TO'T, put you to the test; I. i. 239.

PUT YOU TO YOUR FORTUNE, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war; III. ii. 60.

PUTTING ON, instigation; II. iii. 266.

QUAKED, made to shudder; I. ix. 6.

QUARRY, technically, game alive or dead; here, a heap of dead; (a hunting term); I. i. 208.

QUARTER'D, slaughtered; I. i. 209.

QUIRED, sang in harmony; III. ii. 113.

RACK'D, strained to the utmost; V. i. 16.

RAKES, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men; (used with play on both senses of the word); I. i. 25.

RAPT, enraptured; IV. v. 123.

RAPTURE, fit; II. i. 232.

RASCAL, originally, a lean and worthless deer; with play on both meanings of the word; I. i. 169.

REASON = "there is reason for it"; IV. v. 254.

——, argue for; V. iii. 176.

——, converse; I. ix. 58.

REASONS, arguments; V. vi. 59.

RECEIPT; "his r.," that which he received; I. i. 122.

RECEIVE TO HEART, take to heart; IV. iii. 23.

RECKLESS, thoughtless; III. i. 92.

RECOMMEND, commit the task; II. ii. 157.

RECTORSHIP, guidance; II. iii. 219.

REECHY, dirty; (literally *smoky*); II. i. 234.

REEK, vapor; III. iii. 121.

REJOURN, adjourn; II. i. 83.

REMAINS, it remains; II. iii. 153.

REMOVE, "for the r.," to raise the siege; I. ii. 28.

RENDER, render up, give; I. ix. 34.

REPEAL, recall from banishment; IV. vii. 32.

REPETITION, utterance, mention; I. i. 49.

REPORT, reputation; II. i. 136.

——, "give him good r.," speak well of him; I. i. 35.

REQUEST, asking the votes of the people; II. iii. 156.

REQUIRE, ask; II. ii. 162.

REST, stay; IV. i. 39.

RESTITUTION, "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution; III. i. 16.

RETIRE, retreat; I. vi. (direc.).

RHEUM, tears; V. vi. 46.

RIDGES HORSED, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them; II. i. 236.

RIPE APTNESS, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 25.

ROAD, inroad; III. i. 5.

ROME GATES, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 218.

ROTED, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.

RUB, impediment; a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.

RUTH, pity; I. i. 207.

SAFE-GUARD; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.
SAT, if there sat; III. iii. 70.
SAVE YOU, *i. e.* God save you, (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.
SAY, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.
SCABS, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 176.
SCALING, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 262.
SCANDAL'D, defamed; III. i. 44.
SCARR'D, wounded; IV. v. 116.
SCORN HIM, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.
SCOTCHED, cut, hacked; IV. v. 201.
'SDEATH, a contraction of *God's death*, a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 227.
SEASON'D, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.
SEEKING, request, demand; I. i. 198.
SELD-SHOWN, seldom seen; II. i. 238.
SELF; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II. ii. 100.
SENNET, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 186–187.
SENSIBLE, sensitive; I. iii. 98.
SENSIBLY, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.
SERVANTED TO, subject to; V. ii. 91.
SET DOWN BEFORE 'S, besiege us; I. ii. 28.
SET ON, incited, instigated; (? go on!); III. i. 58.
SET UP THE BLOODY-FLAG, *i. e.* declare war; (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 87.
SEVERAL, separate; IV. v. 129.
SEWING, embroidering; I. iii. 58.
SHALL, shall go; III. i. 31.
SHALL'S, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.
SHAME, be ashamed; II. ii. 73.
SHENT, reproved, rated; V. ii. 106.
SHOP, workshop; I. i. 143.
SHOULD, would; II. iii. 27.
SHOW'D, would appear; IV. vi. 114.
SHOW'ST, appearest; IV. v. 69.
SHRUG, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.
SHUNLESS, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 118.
SIDE, take sides with; I. i. 203.
SILENCE, silent one; II. i. 200.
SINCE THAT, since; III. ii. 50.
SINGLE, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 40.
SINGLY, by a single person; II. ii. 93.
SINGULARITY; "more than his s." *i. e.* independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 288.
SITHENCE, since; III. i. 47.
SITS DOWN, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.
SLIGHT, insignificant; V. ii. 112.
SLIGHTNESS, trifling; III. i. 148.
SLIP; "let s.," let loose; (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.
SMALL, clear and high; III. ii. 114.
SMOTE, struck at; III. i. 319.
SOFT, gentle; III. ii. 82.
SOLDIER (trisyllabic); I. i. 126.

SOLEMNESS, gravity; I. iii. 124.
SO MADE ON, made so much of; IV. v. 206.
SO MANY SO, as many as are so; I. vi. 73.
SOME CERTAIN, some; II. iii. 62.
SOMETHING, somewhat; II. i. 55.
SOMETIME, at one time, formerly; III. i. 115.
SOOTH'D, flattered; II. ii. 79.
SOOTHING, flattery; I. ix. 44.
——, flattering; III. i. 69.
SORT, manner; I. iii. 2.
SOUTH; "all the contagion of the s. light on you," the south was regarded as the quarter from which diseases and noxious vapors came"; I. iv. 30.
SOWL, pull by the ears; IV. v. 218.
SPEAK, proclaim themselves; III. ii. 41.
SPEED, turn out; V. i. 61.
SPICES, samples; IV. vii. 46.
SPIRIT (monosyllabic); II. i. 185.
SPOT, figure, pattern; I. iii. 59.
SPRITELY, lively; IV. v. 243.
STAIN, eclipse; I. x. 18.
STALE'T, make it stale; (Ff., *"scale't"*); I. i. 101.
STAMP'D, given the impress of truth to; V. ii. 22.
STAND, stop; V. vi. 128.
STAND TO, uphold; III. i. 208.
——, stand by; V. iii. 199.
STAND UPON, insist upon; I. ix. 39.
STAND WITH, be consistent with; II. iii. 95.
STATE, government; IV. iii. 11.
STAY UPON, wait but for; V. iv. 8.
STEEP TARPEIAN DEATH, death by being hurled from the high Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.
STEM, the forepart of a ship; II. ii. 113.
STICKS ON, is fixed on like an ornament; I. i. 281.
STIFF, obstinate (perhaps = unable to move); I. i. 251.
STILL, always, constantly; II. i. 271.
STITCHERY, stitching, needlework; I. iii. 79.
STOOD, stood up in defense of; IV. vi. 45.
STOOD TO'T, made a stand, stood firm; IV. vi. 10.
STORE; "good store," good quantity; I. ix. 32.
STOUT, proud; III. ii. 78.
STOUTNESS, pride; III. ii. 127.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 122.
STRETCH IT OUT, extending its power to the utmost; II. ii. 57.
STRIDE, bestride; I. ix. 71.
STRUCKEN, struck; IV. v. 157.
STUCK, hesitated; II. iii. 18.
SUBDUES, subjects him to punishment; I. i. 185.
SUBTLE, smooth and deceptive; V. ii. 20.
SUDDEN, hasty; II. iii. 265.
SUFFERANCE, suffering; I. i. 23.
——, endurance; "against all noble s.," beyond the endurance of the nobility; III. i. 24.
SUGGEST, prompt; II. i. 270.
SUMMON THE TOWN, *i. e.* to surrender; I. iv. 7.
SURCEASE, cease; III. ii. 121.
SURER; "no s.," no more to be depended upon; I. i. 182.
SURETY, be sureties for; III. i. 178.
SWAY, bear sway; II. i. 229.
SWIFTER COMPOSITION, making terms more quickly; III. i. 3.
SWORN BROTHER; people who had

taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati,* sworn brothers; II. iii. 107.

TA'EN FORTH, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
TA'EN, NOTE, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
TAG, rabble; III. i. 248.
TAINTS, infects; IV. vii. 38.
TAKE IN, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
TAKE UP, cope with; III. i. 244.
TAKEN WELL, interviewed at a favorable time; V. i. 50.
TAME, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
TARGET, a small shield; IV. v. 127.
TAUNTINGLY, mockingly, disparagingly; (Ff. 1, *"taintingly"*; F. 2, 3, *"tantingly"*); I. i. 120.
TEMPERANCE, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
TENT, probe; I. ix. 31.
——, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
——, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
TETTER, infect with tetter, *i. e.* eruption on the skin; III. i. 79.
THAN THOSE, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
THAT'S, that has; II. ii. 85.
THAT'S OFF, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 66.
THOU WILT, that thou wilt; IV. v. 92.
THREAD, file through singly; III. i. 124.
TIBER, figurative for water; II. i. 54.
TIGER-FOOTED, tiger-like, ("hastening to seize its prey"); III. i. 312.
TIME, immediate present, present time; II. i. 294.
TIME, "the t." *i. e.* the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
'TIS RIGHT, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 261.
TO, according to; I. iv. 57.
——, compared to; II. i. 135.
——, against; IV. v. 134.
——, "to his mother"= for his mother; V. iii. 178.
TOLD, foretold; I. i. 237.
TOOK, took effect, told; II. ii. 114.
TO'S POWER, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 271.
TO'T, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
TOUCH'D, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 295.
TRADUCEMENT, calumny; I. ix. 22.
TRAITOR, "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
TRANSLATE, transform; II. iii. 203.
TRANSPORT, bear, carry; II. i. 249.
TREATY, proposal tending to an agreement; II. ii. 61.
TRICK, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
TRITON, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.
TROTH; "o' my t.," on my word; (a slight oath); I. iii. 66.
——, faith; IV. ii. 49.
——, truth; IV. v. 200.
TRUE PURCHASING, honest earning; II. i. 162.
TRUMPET, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.
TUNS, large casks; IV. v. 106.
TURN, put; III. i. 284.
TWIN, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.

UNACTIVE, inactive; I. i. 108.
UNBARB'D, SCONCE, unarmed, bare, head; (*sconce,* used con-

temptuously; Becket conj. *"imbarbed"*; Nicholson conj. *"embarbed"*); III. ii. 99.

UNBORN; "all cause u.," no cause existing; III. i. 129.

UNDERCREST, wear as on a crest; I. ix. 72.

UNDER FIENDS, fiends of hell; IV. v. 99.

UNGRAVELY, without dignity; II. iii. 239.

UNHEARTS, disheartens; V. i. 49.

UNLIKE, unlikely; III. i. 48.

UNMERITING, as undeserving; II. i. 48.

UNPROPERLY, improperly; V. iii. 54.

UNSCANN'D, inconsiderate; III. i. 313.

UNSEPARABLE, inseparable; IV. iv. 16.

UNSEVER'D, inseparable; III. ii. 42.

UPON, laid upon; III. ii. 141.

——, on account of, in consequence of; II. i. 253.

——, against; III. iii. 47.

USED; "as 'twas used," as they used to do; III. i. 114.

USHERS, forerunners; II. i. 182.

VAIL, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.

VANTAGE, advantage, benefit; I. i. 170.

——; "v. of his anger," *i. e.* the favorable opportunity which his anger will afford; II. iii. 274.

VARIABLE, various, all kinds; II. i. 237.

VAWARD, vanguard; I. vi. 53.

VENT, get rid of; I. i. 235.

——; "full of vent," keenly excited, full of pluck and courage (a hunting term); IV. v. 244.

VERIFIED, supported the credit of (or, spoken the truth of); V. ii. 17.

VEXATION, anger, mortification; III. iii. 140.

VIAND, food; I. i. 109.

VIRGINAL, maidenly; V. ii. 46.

VIRGIN'D IT, been as a virgin; V. iii. 48.

VIRTUE, valor, bravery; I. i. 43.

VOICE, vote (verb); II. iii. 248.

VOICES, votes; II. ii. 146.

'VOIDED, avoided; (Ff., *"voided"*); IV. v. 89.

VOUCHES, attestations; II. iii. 130.

VULGAR STATION, standing room among the crowd; II. i. 240.

WAIL, bewail; IV. i. 26.

WANT, am wanting in; I. iii. 94.

WARM AT 'S HEART, *i. e.* he is gratified; II. iii. 166.

WARRANT, measures; III. i. 276.

WAR'S GARLAND, laurel wreath, the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.

WATCH'D, kept guard; II. iii. 140.

WAVED, would waver; II. ii. 19.

WAVING, bowing; III. ii. 77.

WAXED, grew, throve; (F. 2, *"wated"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"waited"*); II. ii. 105.

WEAL, good, welfare; I. i. 161.

——, commonwealth; II. iii. 195.

WEALSMEN, statesmen; II. i. 61.

WEEDS, garments; II. iii. 167.

WELL-FOUND, fortunately met with; II. ii. 50.

WHAT, why; III. i. 317.

——, exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 14.

WHEEL, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.

WHERE, whereas; I. i. 110.

WHERE AGAINST, against which; IV. v. 114.

WHICH, who; I. i. 197.

WHITHER, (monosyllabic); IV. i. 34.

WHO, he who; I. i. 186.

——, whom; II. i. 8.

——, which; III. ii. 119.

WHOLESOME, suitable, reasonable; II. iii. 69.

WHOM, which; I. i. 274.

WILLS; "as our good w.," according to our best efforts; II. i. 267.

WIND, advance indirectly, insinuate; III. iii. 65.

WIN UPON, gain advantage, get the better of; (Grant White conj. *"win open"*); I. i. 230.

WITH, by; III. iii. 7.

WITHAL, with; III. i. 141.

WITH US, as we shall take advantage of it; III. iii. 30.

WIVES, women; IV. iv. 5.

WOOLEN, coarsely clad; III. ii. 9.

WOOLVISH TOGE, "rough hirsute gown" (Johnson); *v.* Note; II. iii. 128.

WORD, pass-word, watch-word; III. ii. 142.

WORN, worn out; III. i. 6.

WORSHIP, dignity, authority; III. i. 141.

WORST IN BLOOD, in the worst condition; I. i. 169.

WORTH; "his w. of contraction," "his full quota or proportion of contradiction" (Malone); III. iii. 26.

WORTHY; "is w. of," is deserving of, deserves; III. i. 211.

——, justifiable; III. i. 241.

WOT, know; IV. v. 173.

WREAK, vengeance; IV. v. 92.

WRENCH UP, screw up, exert; I. viii. 11.

YIELD, grant; II. ii. 60.

YOU MAY, YOU MAY, go on, poke your fun at me; II. iii. 41.

YOUNGLY, young; II. iii. 250.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What is the date of publication of this play? What is the approximate date of composition? Give a reason.

2. Criticize the play as to its acting merits, its uniformity, and historical accuracy of customs. What nation does it portray?

3. What was the undoubted source of the play and in scene i how does the plot vary from the original? What is the duration of the time of action on the stage and what the actual historical time?

4. What is the theme of the play? Is it an exposition of individualism or, a study of Roman civics?

ACT I

5. Why is the opening scene a strong one, dramatically? Where is the first clue to the character, Caius Marcius?

6. Comment on the bearing of Menenius and on that of Caius Marcius, towards the rabble. What fable does Menenius employ to justify the conduct of the senators to the plebeians, and how does he apply it?

7. In the comments (scene i) of the tribunes upon Marcius, how do they characterize him?

8. In scene ii, what idea is brought out as to the relations of Marcius and Tullus Aufidius?

9. In scene iii, what typical Roman characteristic is revealed in the discourse of Volumnia? How does Virgilia compare in nobility of character?

10. How does Marcius address the retreating Roman soldiers? What does the break in his speech indicate?

11. What opinion has Marcius of the spoils of war, and wherein does it add to the reader's conception of his character?

12. What duel takes place in scene viii and what is the spirit of the two participants?

13. In scene ix, explain the line "Here is the steed, we the caparison."

14. How does Marcius accept the praise of the people upon his victory? What name does he acquire as a result of his conquest at Corioli?

15. Why do Sicinius and Brutus suffer Menenius to scoff at their weaknesses, when they cannot endure the ridicule of Coriolanus (scene i)? Where does Menenius draw a character-sketch of himself?

ACT II

16. Why does Volumnia gloat over her son's wounds? Descibe Coriolanus' greeting to his wife.

17. Why do Sicinius and Brutus plot to defeat the consulship of Coriolanus, and how do they criticize his remarks concerning his suit for the office?

18. How does the conversation of the two Officers (scene ii) explain the unpopularity of Coriolanus among the plebian people?

19. In his public suit for the consulship, is Coriolanus possessed of modesty or, arrogance or, both? Give reasons. What is the result of his suit?

ACT III

20. What uproar of the common people occurs in scene i?

21. Upon what topic does Coriolanus continue to expostulate, against the advice of Menenius?

22. What is the substance of Coriolanus' exhortation to the Senators?

23. What influence has Menenius upon the crowd and how does he avert a civil war?

24. Who prevails upon Coriolanus to humble himself before the people and what is the policy recommended to him?

25. In his promise to curry favor of the people, what comparisons does Coriolanus make of his weakness?

26. What charges and what sentences does Brutus suggest (scene iii) against Coriolanus?

27. What is the significance of Brutus' words just before the trial, "Put him (Coriolanus) to choler straight"?

28. What accusation makes Coriolanus forget that he has promised to be mild in his speech? Is his anger justifiable?

29. What sentence is finally given to Coriolanus? What do his last words imply?

30. Explain the several allusions to the *Tarpeian* rock.

ACT IV

31. How does Coriolanus make use of his mother's own words to him, in his endeavor to reconcile her to his banishment?

32. How does scene i reveal the softer side of Coriolanus' nature?

33. In scene ii, what change has come over Volumnia?

34. What is the dramatic value of scene iii?

35. What suggestion of humor is there in scene iv?

36. Whom does Coriolanus seek out in Antium and how does he gain access to him?

37. What misrepresentation is Coriolanus guilty of, in his narration of his banishment?

38. Explain his words, "make my misery serve thy turn."

39. Is the alliance between Coriolanus and Aufidius a purely ironical feature of the play? Does the servants' conversation help to confirm this idea?

40. How are situations reversed in scene vi?

41. How do Cominius and Menenius lay the blame of the impending catastrophe upon the two Tribunes?

42. In scene vii, what grievance has Aufidius in mind against Coriolanus?

43. Select three passages in this scene which are involved in their meaning.

ACT V

44. What success does Cominius meet with, upon his embassy to Coriolanus?

45. In what two ways does Menenius hope to secure an audience of Coriolanus?

46. What final expedient does Cominius suggest to win over Coriolanus, and where, previously, in this play, was it adopted?

47. To what extent, does Coriolanus carry his allegiance to the Volscians (scene ii)?

48. What goddess is referred to in the words of Coriolanus, "the jealous queen of heaven" (scene iii)?

49. Does Volumnia prevail upon Coriolanus more through her Roman prerogative as a mother or, by her plea for justice to the Roman people?

50. What future use is Aufidius planning to make of this scene?

51. What treachery does Aufidius practice on Coriolanus, upon their return to Antium? Is this consistent with the plot of the play?

52. What is the significance of Aufidius' addressing Coriolanus as "Marcius"?

53. What epithet rouses the anger of Coriolanus?

54. Explain "His fame folds in This orb o' the earth," lines 126–127, scene vi.

55. How does Coriolanus meet death?

56. To what overpowering trait does he owe his misfortunes and death?

57. In line 155, scene vi, what is the meaning of "noble memory"?

58. In this play, is it Shakespeare's purpose to descry democracy and praise aristocracy or, is his attitude an impartial one?

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